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ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 545.—Vol. XXI.

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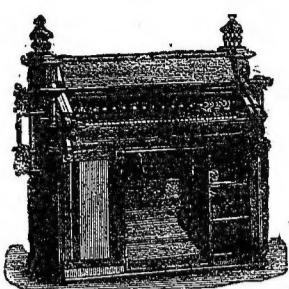
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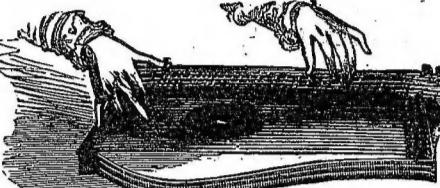
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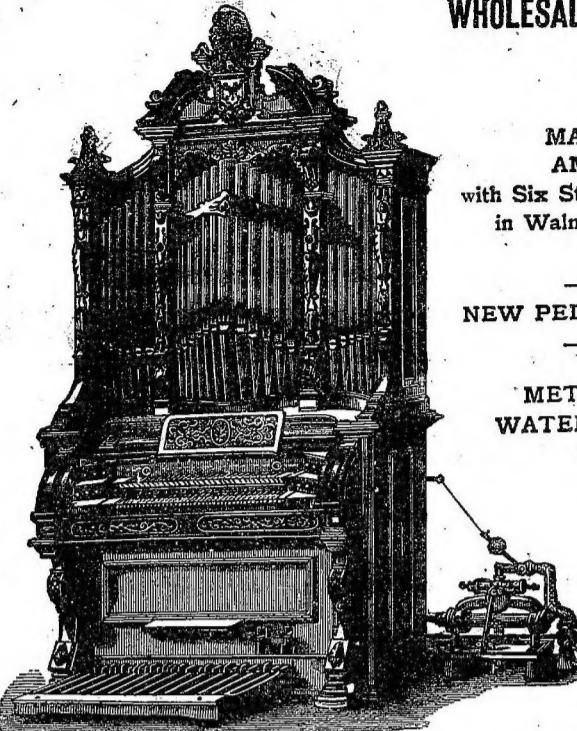
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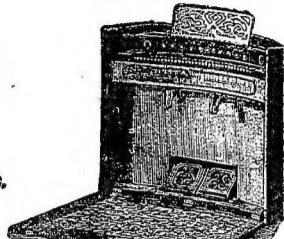


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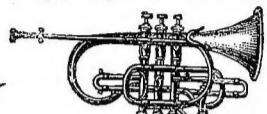
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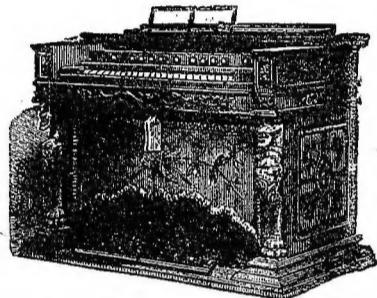


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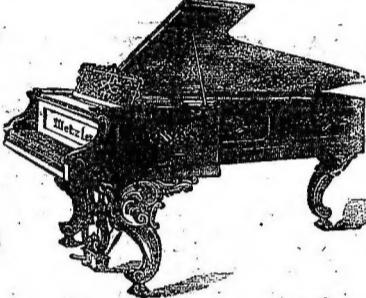
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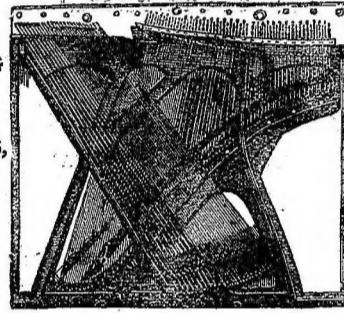
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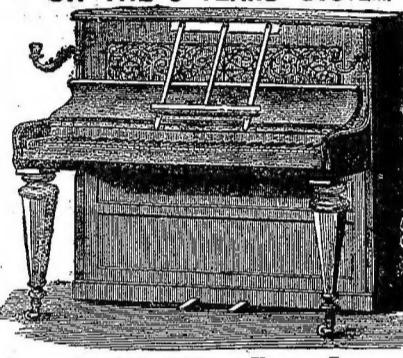
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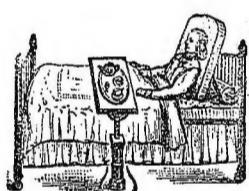
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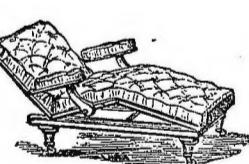
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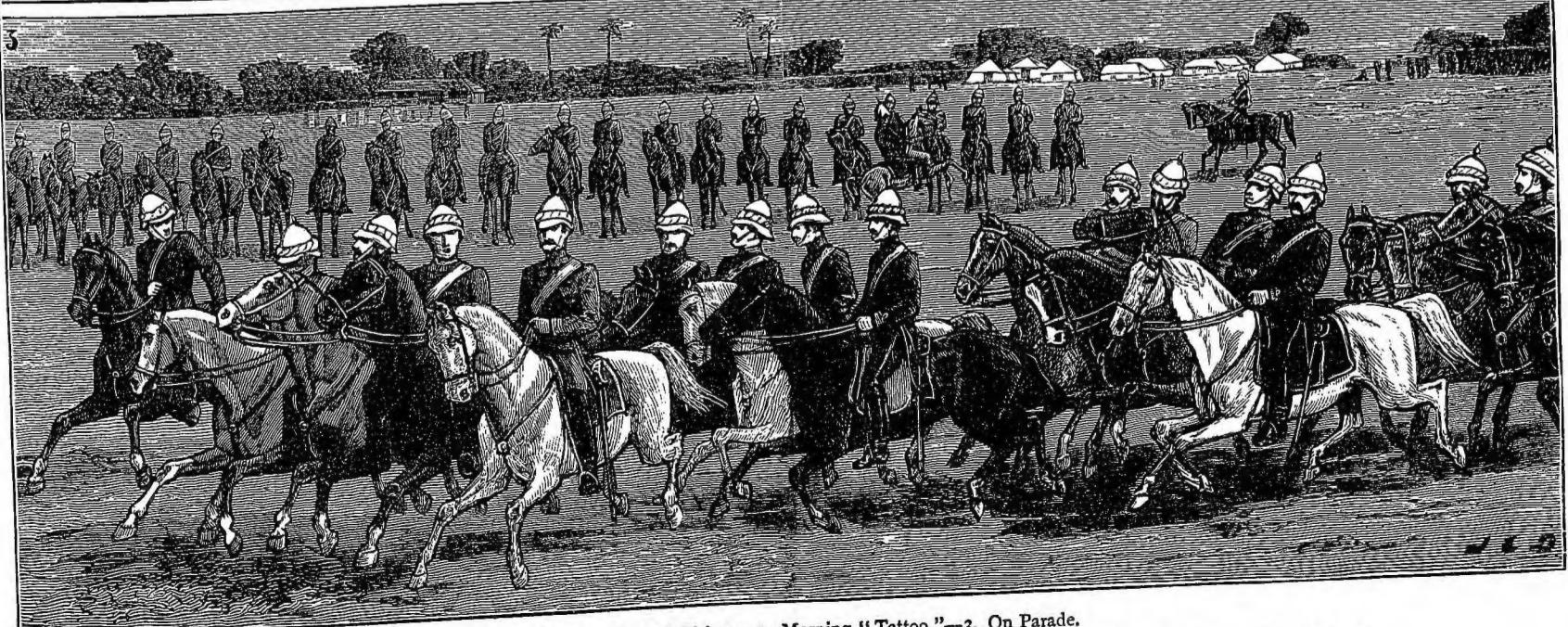
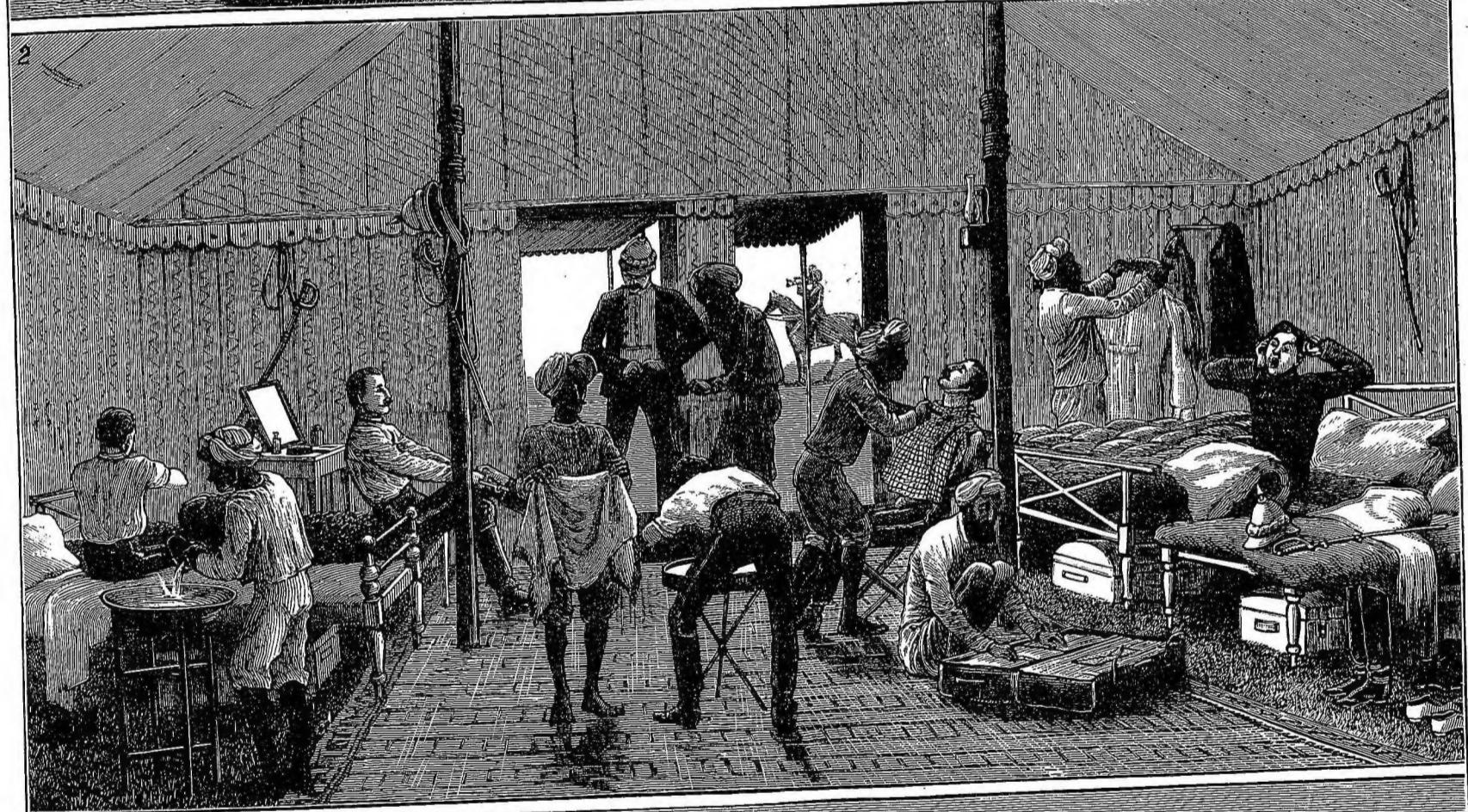
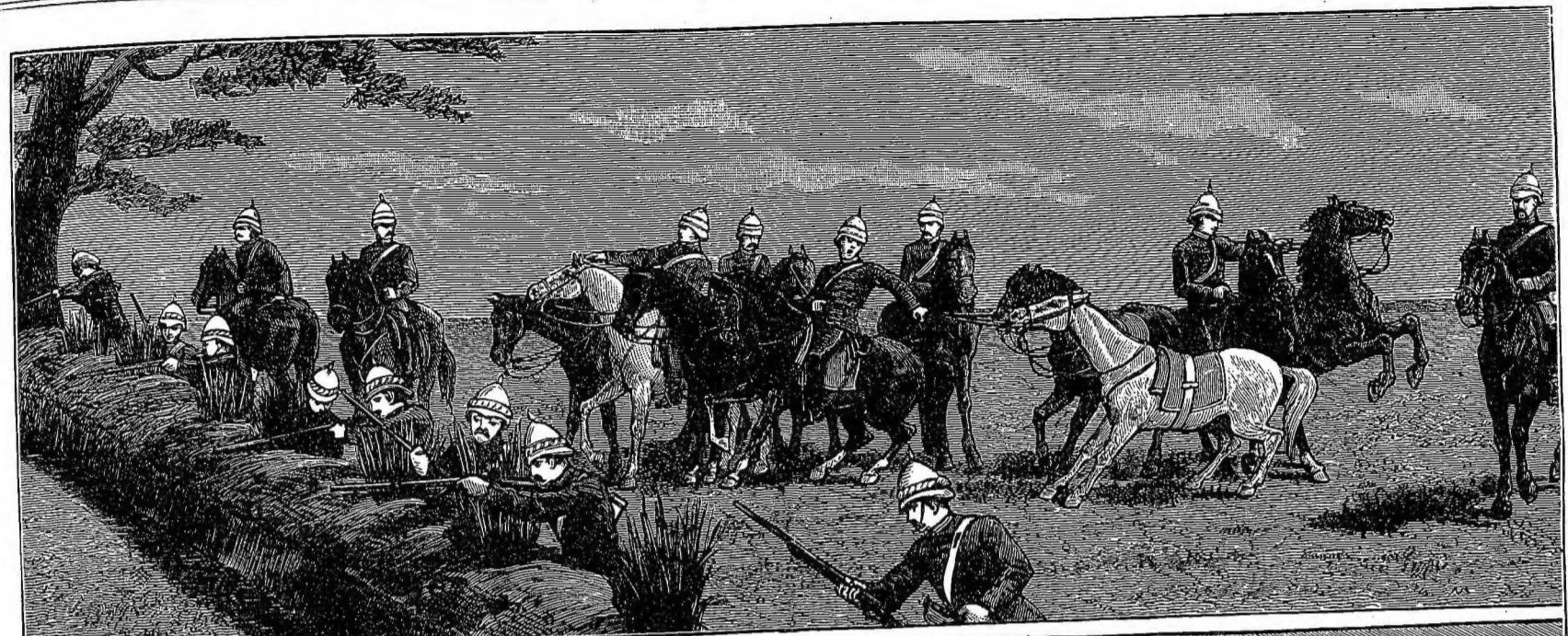
THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

NO. 545.—VOL. XXI.
Regd at General Post Office as a Newspaper.]

SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1880

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1. Dismounting and Firing.—2. Morning "Tattoo."—3. On Parade.
VOLUNTEERING IN INDIA—THE BAHAR MOUNTED RIFLES OF BENGAL



THE "ATALANTA."—Now that the search instituted by the Channel Squadron has proved fruitless, even the most sanguine persons have lost hope. Many of the relatives, it is reported, of the three hundred and twenty persons who were on board of her have already put on mourning, and we are constrained to believe that in all probability both the vessel and her inmates have perished. In olden days there would still have been reasonable grounds for hope that some of the crew had survived the wreck and had reached some foreign shore, but nowadays, when all the world is linked together by telegraph, it is difficult to believe that if there were any survivors they would not by this time have been heard of. It is noticeable that the calamity, appalling as it is, makes less impression on the public mind than did the losses of the *Captain* and *Eurydice* respectively. In each of these disasters there were survivors, and so the evil tidings came as a sudden shock. But in the case where ships disappear from view, and are no more heard of, there is no one moment of actual horror and surprise. As time passes on, and the passage of the vessel becomes unduly prolonged, the ordinary interest felt gradually changes to uneasiness. Uneasiness deepens into anxiety, anxiety becomes alarm, and finally alarm is quenched in blank despair. Altogether the ordeal for friends and kinsfolk is more terrible than when they know the worst at once. Let us turn for a moment to the practical lessons taught by this disaster. Seeing that two sailing vessels of the old-fashioned type have been successively lost while on a training cruise, the Admiralty will have carefully to consider whether an altogether different kind of vessel would not be preferable for this purpose. Now that Mr. Brassey is at the Admiralty he may be able to carry out his favourite idea of utilising merchant steamers as men-of-war, and the question then remains to be answered whether on board such vessels, fitted with every modern appliance for safety, our young sailors can be taught the art of seamanship, or whether it is absolutely necessary, in order to achieve this end, to place them on board ships which as war machines are practically obsolete.

ENGLAND AND FOREIGN ALLIANCES.—There can be no doubt that the result of the General Election in England has profoundly modified the whole character of international politics. Foreign nations are, indeed, beginning to see that the Liberal Government is not likely to associate itself with Quixotic enterprises. The general impression is rather that it will attend to home business and leave foreign affairs alone; at the utmost interfering only to secure for Greece the extension of territory recommended by the Berlin Treaty. This, however, would be so great a change from the policy of the last Government that every one of the leading European States feels it has to deal with a new set of conditions. The effect on Austria and Germany has been that both have begun to make overtures to Russia; and some serious politicians are of opinion that the Triple Alliance may be renewed in an altered form. It is difficult to anticipate any such consequence, since the events of the last few years have clearly proved that the ultimate interests of Austria and Russia in South-Eastern Europe are in direct conflict. These same events have also shown that Germany looks with suspicion on the growth of Russia, and considers it expedient, if not necessary, to cultivate the friendship of Austria. While, however, there is not much fear of the Three Emperors' Alliance being revived, it is certain that England will henceforth be regarded coldly by the Central European Powers. There would be some consolation if France had a more cordial feeling for us; but there is nothing she so much dislikes as an English Government dominated by the so-called Manchester School. The only States which are now thoroughly friendly to us are Russia and Italy; and these, as it happens, are the only States suspected of cherishing schemes of violence for the near future.

MR. GOSCHEN AT CONSTANTINOPLE.—The appointment of Mr. Goschen as Special Ambassador to Turkey seems to show that the Liberal party do not intend to repeat the mistake which they made during the long interval which elapsed between the close of the Crimean War and the outbreak of the Herzegovinian insurrection, during which time they were almost exclusively in power, and yet took little if any pains to ensure that Turkey should fulfil the obligations which she had incurred to the Allied Powers by their prolongation of her existence. Mr. Goschen has already shown himself an able Cabinet Minister, and his plunge four years ago into the quagmire of Egyptian finance must have given him no small insight into the wily ways of Oriental officials. Turkey is just now in well nigh as desperate a condition as she has ever been, her Treasury is empty, several of her provinces are a prey to famine and disorder, and it is only under the severest pressure that she is likely to fulfil her share of the Berlin Treaty. Under these circumstances it is well that England should be represented at Constantinople by a man who comes freshly to the post, unfettered by the jealousies and complications which naturally arose during the late war.

WOMEN AND THE SUFFRAGE.—The ladies who advocate female suffrage seem to be of opinion that the advent of

a Liberal Government is favourable to their hopes. They have held several large meetings in London this week, and there are indications that the "cause" is about to be advocated with renewed enthusiasm. Yet it is difficult to understand on what grounds the Liberals are supposed to be more pliable on this particular question than the Tories. From the beginning Lord Beaconsfield has been a persistent supporter of the movement, and a good many Conservatives are known to share his sympathies. On the other hand, Mr. Bright must now be regarded as one of the chief opponents of emancipating (or emancipated) ladies; and by far the most vigorous attack to which they have ever been subjected came from Mr. Goldwin Smith, who may certainly claim to be one of the most "advanced" of "advanced Liberals." Notwithstanding the hostility of such men as these, the speakers at ladies' meetings express the utmost confidence in the growing popularity of their special ideas. To impartial observers, however, these ideas appear rather to have lost than to have gained ground. Mr. John Stuart Mill's personal influence was so great that he carried a large number of people along with him by the sheer force of his enthusiasm. Since his death few new adherents of importance have been won, and a considerable proportion of those who originally went with Mr. Mill have followed Mr. Bright's example, and gone over to the enemy. A good many circumstances might be mentioned in explanation of this fact; but the main cause, we believe, is the comparative indifference of women themselves. Let Mrs. Webster, Miss Helen Taylor, and their friends persuade their own sex; and they will have little difficulty in securing the help of a majority of male voters.

INDIAN FINANCE.—When Sir John Strachey's Budget appeared its statements seemed almost too good to be true, and now it turns out that they were not true, and were, therefore, the reverse of good. The cost of the Afghan War thus far, instead of being six millions sterling as stated, amounts to ten millions, and the serious deficit thus disclosed will have to be made good either by impoverished India or by the Home Government coming to the rescue. But the fact of this deficit is in itself less disquieting than its concealment, intentionally or unintentionally, from the public. It is scarcely possible to believe that the items of the Budget have been intentionally manipulated to make a fair show, for then the Indian Government would be chargeable with conduct which would be regarded as unworthy on the part of a defaulting South American Republic. If, however, as is more probable, the mistakes are unintentional, and have arisen from an under-estimate of probable expenses, the officials responsible for the figures which led their superiors astray must be singularly incompetent. Altogether the affair needs searching investigation.

SOCIALISM IN GERMANY.—The bitter debate in the German Parliament this week on Socialism was an unpleasant surprise to many optimist Liberal politicians. They had been trying to persuade themselves that if Socialism had not been crushed by the exceptional legislation directed against it, its adherents had at any rate been seriously discouraged. Yet Herr Liebknecht and Herr Hasselmann spoke with a confidence and vigour they have seldom displayed; and the boldest of their statements were amply justified by the recent election in Hamburg, where a Socialist, quite unexpectedly, gained an easy triumph over his Liberal and Advanced Liberal rivals. It is becoming clear that the laws against Socialism, instead of suppressing it, have given it fresh life. Timid members of the party may have abandoned it, but the enthusiasm of the majority of genuine Socialists has been intensified, and persecution has inclined them to favour the most violent and revolutionary of their chiefs. There can be no enduring remedy for Socialism except the removal of the evils from which it has sprung, and unfortunately most of these evils appear for the time to be deeply rooted in the life of the nation. To adopt a policy of disarmament would be to risk the very existence of the Empire; yet the maintenance of the military system means the crushing of industrial energy and the fostering of class distinctions which may have been suitable to society in the feudal stage, but certainly do not accord with modern ideas. The Clerical party are never tired of asserting that the Church is the only power really capable of overcoming Socialism. They themselves, however, are forced to admit that in the mean time even the Church has but slight hold over the class from which the Socialists mainly recruit their ranks.

EMIGRATION CLUBS.—In the United States a revival of industry has succeeded to the long period of depression, and, as a natural consequence, emigrants have once more begun to pour into the country. More emigrants landed at New York last month than have ever landed within the same time since the New World was discovered. A very large proportion of these are Germans. We all know how perseveringly the Irish settled in America have saved up money to help their kinsfolk across the herring-pond. They deserve the highest praise for their self-denying efforts, but, as far as we are aware, their arrangements have been chiefly of a private nature, confined to members of the same family. The German organisation goes far beyond this. They have emigration clubs in Germany and immigration clubs in the States. Combination renders emigration easy, and, observes Mr. Styleman Herring, from whose letter we borrow these

interesting particulars, each emigrant party is under special officers, and well drilled in all requirements for the voyage. Now, why don't Englishmen and Scotchmen take a leaf out of this valuable German book? Great Britain is a very good country for the well-to-do, but, like all old thickly-peopled countries, it is very hard for labouring men and artisans to attain in it a position of comfort and independence. If working-men only knew how comparatively easy it is to attain such a position in the colonies, far more of them would go there, and, upon the club-system, the passage-money would not be hard of attainment. And in our Antipodal possessions, at all events in Southern Australia and in New Zealand, they will find a climate better suited to Englishmen than that of the United States, where a long scorching summer is followed by a long bitter winter. But we would give one word of warning. It is not that emigrants should be sober and industrious. That, as the hackneyed phrase has it, "goes without saying." It is that English artizans and labourers are too often wanting in "handiness." They can do one thing extremely well, but they can't do half-a-dozen things indifferently well, which is often a more valuable qualification in the colonies. Thus we observe that some Durham coal-miners lately returned disappointed from New South Wales. They had far better have stayed there, and turned their hands to other pursuits. But probably they were like the woman from Sheffield, who had done nothing all her life but pack files, and who, therefore, failed to get work when she landed in America where (in those days, at all events) people only wanted to unpack files.

SCOTCH STUDENTS AND THEIR LORD RECTORS.—The law which conferred on the students of each of the Scotch Universities the right to appoint their Lord Rector has worked remarkably well. It might have been thought beforehand that they would be sure to fasten on some local celebrity, but the local celebrity is, of all people, the man who has least chance of being raised to this particular honour. The Scottish student has large ideas as to the dignity of the office at his disposal, and will hear of no one whose claims are not of the loftiest kind. It has been stated this week that Mr. Tennyson will be a candidate for the Rectorship of Glasgow University, and a few days before Mr. Bright's candidature for the same position was formally announced. These are certainly not insignificant names; but many others of equal distinction have from time to time been before the world in a like connection. A few years ago Lord Beaconsfield (when Mr. Disraeli) delivered the Rectorial Address at Glasgow; Mr. Gladstone has twice been Lord Rector of Edinburgh University, which has also been honoured by the services of Mr. Carlyle. Aberdeen University has had Professor Huxley, and the St. Andrew's students have chosen Mr. John Stuart Mill, Mr. Froude, and Dean Stanley. The elections and the excitement connected with them have an excellent effect on the undergraduates. In these days a cynical tone is not uncommon even among young lads, and nothing does more to check this vile tendency than an enthusiastic advocacy of a great man's claims. Besides, contact with a writer or statesman of world-wide celebrity helps to check the provincialism which is to some extent inevitable in Universities far removed from the great centres of European life. As for the Lord Rectors themselves, they seem immensely to enjoy the duties to which they are summoned by the votes of their admirers. There is something in the spectacle of youthful ardour which touches men of the best type; partly, perhaps, because it reminds them of much in their own early experience that has been battered out of existence by the rude shocks inseparable from modern life.

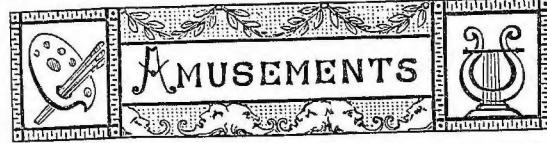
MR. BRADLAUGH.—We shall not here discuss the legal question. The junior Member for Northampton has a conscientious objection to take the oath of allegiance, although modern tolerance has made it so elastic that it will fit the most scrupulous conscience, whether Christian, Jew, or Mussulman. Mr. Bradlaugh, though his leanings are towards Republicanism, does not apparently object to acknowledging fealty to the Queen so long, at all events, as she can keep possession of the Throne. To him the sting of the oath of allegiance lies in its tail. He objects to the formula, "So help me, God," for the simple reason that he doubts, if he does not absolutely deny, the existence of such a Being. Mr. Bradlaugh's contention is that the affirmation which, under recent Acts of Parliament, he has been permitted to make in lieu of an oath in various Courts of Law, should also be available for his purpose on his entering the House of Commons. As the Speaker was in doubt, the matter has been referred to the consideration of a Select Committee. We may say at once plainly that we trust the Committee will arrive at such a decision as will enable Mr. Bradlaugh to take his seat without violating any conscientious scruples. Not very long ago a Member of Parliament was obliged to take oaths which effectively hindered the adherents of several important religious sects from exercising that privilege of citizenship. Gradually, the restrictions have been relaxed, and now Roman Catholics, Quakers, and Jews sit as M.P.'s. Having abandoned the principle that a man's qualification to serve in the House of Commons should be affected by his religious belief, it would be a reversion towards intolerance to deny to Mr. Bradlaugh the same privileges which are conferred on other men. It cannot be denied that his theological beliefs are unpopular, but for that very reason he will not, as far as such topics are

MAY 8, 1880

concerned, exercise much influence as a legislator. We only make this last observation to comfort the timid. We prefer to take our own stand on the solid ground that, according to the modern alterations of the law, the Constitution takes no cognisance of the religion professed by a Member of Parliament.

HAMBURG AND ALTONA.—The good city of Hamburg has lately discovered that Prince Bismarck is nearly as great an enemy to her as was the redoubtable Marshal Davoust. She is one of the original members of the Hanseatic League, which was founded in the twelfth century as a safeguard against pirates, and she is naturally proud of the independence which she has retained for so many years. Now when the German Empire was established in 1871, it was expressly enacted that Hamburg and Bremen should not be included in the German Customs' Union, unless they chose to come in of their own accord. Prince Bismarck, it is contended, breaks the spirit, if not the letter of this enactment by his proposal that the suburbs of Altona and St. Pauli (which are as much parts of Hamburg as Westminster and Southwark are parts of London) shall be included in the Customs' Union. This is plainly a death-blow to the independence of Hamburg, for its fiscal liberties are plainly at an end if in a part of the town the German Chancellor is to dictate the tolls which are to be levied. It is quite possible that these Free ports have had their day, that they are anachronisms. Still, as Englishmen are very tender of infringing upon ancient privileges, they are scarcely likely to sympathise with Prince Bismarck's high-handed proceedings, and they will be less surprised that year by year there is an increasing number of Germans who are willing to coquet with Socialism, if only as a protest against the grievous military burdens with which the country is saddled by the policy of Prince Bismarck and his associates.

NOTICE.—The Half-Sheet this week, though delivered in the middle of the paper, must be placed for binding between pages 472 and 481.



L VCEUM.—MERCHANT OF VENICE (180th Time) Every Evening, at 8.15. Shylock, Mr. Irving; Portia, Miss Ellen Terry. Morning Performances Saturdays, May 8 and 15, at 2 o'clock. Box-office open 10 to 5.

L VCEUM.—On THURSDAY, 20th May, Benefit of Miss ELLEN TERRY.—The Performance will commence at a quarter to 8 o'clock, with THE MERCHANT OF VENICE (terminating with the Trial Scene). Portia, Miss Ellen Terry; Shylock, Mr. Irving. After which will be produced for the first time an Idyll in one act, entitled IOLANTHE, adapted and rewritten by W. G. Wills from a Poem, "King Renée's Daughter." Iolanthe, Miss Ellen Terry; Count Tristram, Mr. Irving.

NEW SADLER'S WELLS.—Mrs. S. F. BATEMAN, Proprietor and Manager.—THE DANITES, Joaquin Miller's famous American play, descriptive of life in the Far West, as depicted by Bret Harte. In order that the peculiar dialect and manner should be accurately given, the characters will be represented by the same company of American artists who have—under the management of Mr. McKee Rankin—performed them in all the chief cities of the United States for the past three years. Sandy McGee (a Miner), Mr. Rankin; Messrs. W. S. Sheridan, G. Waldron, M. Linghan, E. Holland, L. Harris, J. Peakes, H. Lee, J. Richardson, and Harry Hawk; Mrs. McKee Rankin, Misses Cora Tanner, J. Waldron, and F. Marle. New scenery, depicting the mountain passes, rude log-huts, and grand trees of California, painted by Thomas W. Hall and Assistants.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.—Sole Lessee, Mrs. S. LANE.—Every Evening, at 6.45. THE SNOWDRIFT. Misses M. Brewer, L. Rayner; Messrs. F. Newbound, H. Evans, Charlton, Towers, Reeve, Lewis, Hyde, Pitt. After which, ONLY MY COUSIN, Mrs. S. Lane; Messrs. Reynolds, Bigwood. Succeeded by CONCERT. Mr. Tedd Mosdale, Miss Georgie Edmonds, Albert and Frederica. Concluding with LEONARD. Misses B. Adams, M. A. Bellair, J. Summers; Messrs. J. B. Howe, Drayton, Herman.

NEW GRECIAN THEATRE, City Road.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. T. G. CLARK.—Every Evening, at 7, BLACK-EYED SUSAN. Misses Marie Allen, A. Thomas, Jane Coveney, N. A. Victor, Inch, &c. Messrs. F. Gould, Dobell, Monkhouse, Syms, Grant, &c. To conclude with RUSSIA, by R. Reece and H. B. Farrie. Supported by the Company.—On Saturday, May 22, a New Drama, by H. Pittitt, entitled THE MISSING WITNESS. New Scenery, &c.

BRIGHTON THEATRE ROYAL AND OPERA-HOUSE.—Proprietress and Manager, Mrs. H. NYE CHART.—On MONDAY, May 10, Engagement for Six Nights only of Mr. H. M. PITTS'S "THE GIRLS" Company.

H ORSE SHOW, AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON.—ENTRIES CLOSE MAY 17. SHOW OPEN MAY 29TH, 31ST. JUNE 1ST, 2ND, 3RD, 4TH. Prize Lists and Forms of Entry may be had on application to the Office, Barford Street, N. AGRICULTURAL HALL COMPANY (Limited).

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS' EASTER ENTERTAINMENT, ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY. EVERY NIGHT AT 8. MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, at 3 and 8. New and luxurious fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. 6d. No Fees.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place. Managers, Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain. CASTLE ROTHEREM, by Arthur Law; music by Hamilton Clarke. After which ROTTEN ROW, a New Musical Sketch, by Mr. Corney Grain. Concluding with THREE FLATS, by Arthur A'Beckett; music by Edouard Marlois. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday Evenings, at 8. Thursday and Saturday Afternoons at 3. Admission, 1s., 2s., 3s., 5s. No Fees.

DORÉS GREAT WORKS, "ECCE HOMO" ("Full of Divine dignity,"—*The Times*) and "THE ASCENSION," with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," and all his other great pictures at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. 1s.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The FORTY-SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is now OPEN from nine till dusk. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d. Gallery, 5s. Pall Mall, S.W.

HANOVER GALLERY, 47, New Bond Street (Entrance from Maddox Street, NOW OPEN. Hans Makart's Great Pictures—Entry of Charles V. into Antwerp; The Silver Wedding of the Emperor and Empress of Austria; and other Pictures by Eminent French Artists. Admission 1s. Descriptive Catalogue, 6d.

SAVOY HOUSE—GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS by the GREAT MASTERS. Also Specimens of Reproductions in Chromolithography and Colour Printing, from the Paintings of the English, French, German, and Continental Schools. Catalogues post-free on application to the Manager, at the Gallery, Savoy House, 115 and 116, Strand, London, W.C.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.—FIFTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION NOW OPEN, at the SUFFOLK STREET GAL- LERIES, Pall Mall East, from 9 to 6 daily. Admission, 1s. THOS. ROBERTS, Secretary.

MADAME DAX DALTON, the celebrated prima donna, from the principal theatres of Europe, has arrived in London for the season, and is open to ENGAGEMENTS for private and public concerts, &c. For terms apply to the Manager of "La Posta di Londra," Furnival's Inn, London, who will undertake to engage by order also other celebrated opera singers and musical conductors.

CANTERBURY THEATRE OF VARIETIES. Under Royal Patronage.—Best Entertainment in the World. Special Engagement of all Star Artists. Every Evening at 8.0. Miss Nelly Power, Messrs. G. H. Macdermott, Arthur Roberts, John Le Clair, John Lawrence, J. E. Brian, Miss Violet Tyrell, Professor Marks, and John Morris, the famous Mystic Change Artist. Grand Ballet Divertissement from THE PERU OF PERU, at 9. M. Dewinne. Mdle. Alice Holt, Aguzzi, Broughton, Powell, and the Corps de Ballet. Snowball Ballet at 10.15. Prices 6d. to 1s. 2s.

CANTERBURY.—Every Evening, Great Success of the Grand Spectacular Snowball Ballet. Novel Effects. Received with immense applause. Arranged by M. Dewinne. Premiere Danseuse, Mdle. Ada, supported by Mdles. Broughton, Powell, M. Carlos, M. Bertram, and the Corps de Ballet.

B R I G H T O N.—P U L L M A N D R A W I N G - R O O M C A R TRAINS leave Victoria for Brighton every Week-day at 10.0 a.m. and 4.30 p.m.; and Brighton for Victoria at 9.45 a.m. and 5.45 p.m., also from Victoria on Sundays at 10.45 a.m.; and from Brighton on Sundays at 8.30 p.m.

E V E R Y S U N D A Y.—A C H E A P F I R S T C L A S S T R A I N from Victoria at 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 1s. First Class.

T H E G R A N D A Q U A R I U M A T B R I G H T O N.—E V E R Y S A T U R D A Y. Cheap First Class Trains from Victoria at 10.55 and 11.50 a.m. and Brighton at Clapham Junction and Croydon; also from London Bridge at 9.30 a.m. and 12.0 noon, calling at Croydon.

Day Return Fare—1st Class, Half-a-guinea (including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion Picture Gallery, Palace, and Grounds), available to return by any train the same day, except the 5.45 p.m. Pullman Car Train.

(By Order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

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15, RUE BLEUE, PARIS.



THE BAHAR MOUNTED RIFLES OF BENGAL

The twenty-three years which have elapsed since the terrible scenes of the Mutiny have witnessed the rise and development of a Volunteer force in our Eastern Empire which, should the occasion demand, would doubtless give a good account of themselves in the face of any enemy from without or within the territories of our Queen-Empress. Though necessarily much scattered over that vast country, they would form a factor in the calculations as to the defensive power at the disposal of the military authorities in any future disturbance of a serious nature that might arise.

Many of the large cities and towns have now their Volunteers, well equipped, and for the most part trained by paid Adjutants of the Regular Army, composed entirely of British, or with a sprinkling of the Eurasian element, as amongst the employés along the principal lines of railway.

In the Mofussil, or country districts, owing to the sparseness of the European population, the formation of Volunteer Corps is not often practicable, but the force well known as the Bahar Mounted Rifles, in the planting districts of Upper Bengal or Bahar, have long enjoyed a reputation as one of, if not the, crack corps of India. The Bahar Mounted Rifles, owe their origin to the almost complete state of unprotectedness in which, from the absence of regular British troops, our countrymen were left in the widely-spread indigo districts north of the Ganges.

In the opinion of a military critic at one of the annual inspections of the whole of the troops composing the regiment, held at Mozufferpore, the mutiny of the Bengal Cavalry stationed in Chumparun, which resulted in the massacre of Major Holmes and his wife, and subsequently of the remaining officers in cantonments, would never have happened had the stalwart indigo planters and the various civilians of the neighbourhood been then under arms, and in the admirable formation in which they now exist. The physique and the soldierly bearing of the corps, the horses, and the exceptional riding capabilities of the members—for the Bahar Mounted Rifles counts amongst its troopers and officers hard cross-country riders, and pig-stickers by the score, besides many Indian Turf celebrities—invariably call forth encomiums from the Government inspecting officers.

During the Prince's visit to Patna the regiment had the honour of forming the body guard, and theirs were the swords which, according to the narration of the well-known *Times*' correspondent, flashed in the sunlight, and theirs the voices which sent up that hearty British cheer as the Royal train moved off from the Bankipore station on the 4th of January, 1875.

Sir Richard Temple, when Lieut.-Governor of Bengal, was Honorary Colonel of the regiment, which is armed with the breech-loading Snider carbine.—Our sketches are by one of the members of the Bahar Mounted Rifles.

THE AUSTRIAN ROYAL WEDDING

Few even amongst Royal betrothals have been hailed with such complete satisfaction by the countries to which the two betrothed respectively belong as that of the Archduke Rudolf, the heir to the Austrian Empire, with the Princess Stéphanie, second daughter of the King and Queen of the Belgians. This is especially the case in Austro-Hungary, where for some time past there has been much speculation respecting the choice of a wife that Prince Rudolf would sooner or later have to make, though the fact of the selection being practically confined to reigning Catholic Houses somewhat narrowed the field for conjecture. The Princess Stéphanie, however, is singularly acceptable to Austro-Hungarians, owing to the fact that she is a granddaughter of the late Archduke Joseph, for more than half a century the Palatine of Hungary, and whose memory is warmly cherished throughout that kingdom. "Never," wrote the correspondent of *The Times*, at the time of the betrothal, "in the whole course of the history of this country has the identification of the national and dynastic family life been more complete than now." In Belgium also the betrothal is eminently popular. As for the young couple, although the Prince had seen the Princess Stéphanie several times previously, when she had accompanied her mother on her visits to Austria, he had regarded her simply as a child; and it was his first time on his passage through Brussels to Ireland in March last that he greeted her as a woman. He appears to have been at

once impressed with the charms of both her beauty and her mind, for he lost no time in asking her parents for permission to pay her his addresses, and then in proposing to the Princess herself. He was as readily accepted, and indeed, if we are to believe popular tradition, she is reported to have said to her mother, "How could I refuse him when he asked me so charmingly?"

The Archduke Rudolf is the only son of the Emperor and Empress of Austria, and is twenty-one years of age, having been born on August 21, 1858. Great care and pains have been bestowed upon his education, and antiquated traditions and rules have been broken through so as to develop as far as possible that sound judgment and intellect which is so necessary to one destined to rule a great empire. The result is said to be eminently successful, and those who have had opportunities of knowing the Prince intimately find that in spite of his youth he possesses a rare quickness of understanding and independence of judgment and character. These good qualities have strengthened the attachment the people of the Empire bear towards him as their sovereign's son. The Prince has, of course, gone through the military curriculum considered so necessary to all princes of a European Empire, and as a rule, he resides with his regiment at Prague, where, it is said, he intends to make his home after his marriage.

The Princess Stéphanie is the second daughter of the King and Queen of the Belgians, and is only sixteen on Friday, having been born on May 21, 1864. Owing to her extreme youth the Princess never appeared previous to her betrothal at any State festivities, and has only been seen in public driving with the Queen, and once at a representation at a circus, this strict domestic education being carried out with the junior members of the Belgian Royal family. The Princess is said to be as tall as her mother, with golden hair and blue eyes, and bearing in general a striking resemblance to the Orleans family. She has been very highly educated, particularly in the classics, and of late the King has been instructing her in political matters.—Our portraits are from photographs respectively by Eckert and Müller'n, Prague; and Gérutzet Brothers, Brussels.

CONCERT AT THE MERCHANT TAYLORS' SCHOOL

THE annual concert of the Merchant Taylors' School Choral Society was held on the 7th ult. in the Great Hall of the School adjoining the Charterhouse, and was exceedingly well attended. The choir—adults and boys—about eighty strong, proved itself thoroughly efficient, rendering part songs and choruses in an admirable manner, whilst the performance of the solos, duets, and trios reflected great credit on the juvenile artists and their instructors. The entertainment concluded with the National Anthem, which was sung with spirit by the entire choir, led by Mr. Alfred Gilbert, the professional conductor.

THE "WORCESTER" CADET LIFEBOAT

ON the 20th ult., at Greenhithe, the lifeboat subscribed for by the officers and cadets of the training ship Worcester, and intended for service at the lifeboat station, Brightstone, Isle of Wight, was formally handed over to Admiral Ward, the representative of the National Lifeboat Institution, who, in acknowledging the gift, described the virtues of the new boat, and expressed a hope that it might prove useful in saving many lives. The boat was then "christened" in the usual manner by Mrs. Smith, wife of the captain-superintendent of the Worcester, who dashed a bottle of wine against its bows; and afterwards its self-righting capabilities were repeatedly demonstrated to the great delight and wonder of the cadets, who were finally shipped on board of her in batches, and rowed round their own vessel amid the enthusiastic cheers of all on board.

ETCHINGS OF THE AUSTRIAN COURT FESTIVAL

LAST year the Emperor and Empress of Austria celebrated their Silver Wedding with numerous and brilliant festivities at Vienna, and foremost among these, on April 27th, was a Grand Historical Procession, which was designed and carried out by the well-known Austrian painter, Hans Makart, the various groups being organised, and the national characteristics of the costume-traditions of the extinct Viennese Guilds, and obsolete Nether-Austrian crafts being represented in the most truthful and picturesque manner. Over 1,500 persons composed the procession, which, preceded by heralds, and accompanied by twelve bands of music, comprised representatives of the old associations, the guilds, the students, corporations, &c., and in addition the members of all the Art-classes, in ancient costume, specially arranged by Makart himself. Each group representing a trade or profession included a car containing figures relating to that particular calling, the members of course being all dressed in the picturesque costume of bygone days. The procession took two hours to pass before the Emperor and Empress, who viewed the scene from tents of crimson cloth, which had been pitched before the Burg Thor.

As a souvenir of these fêtes, the Town Council of Vienna decided to have published a set of illustrations which should embrace the most interesting incidents of the procession. This has been carried out by the "Gesellschaft für vervielfältigende Kunst of Vienna," under the direction of Professors Hans Makart, Streit, and Jos. Fux, with a result which is beyond expectation. Among other artists who have contributed to this work of Art are K. Probst, Otto Wagner, Julius Berger, Rumper, and Von Blaas. On another page we give fac-similes of two of the heliogravures with which it is illustrated. There are altogether over thirty plates by the different Austrian artists of the same description as those we have reproduced.

The two groups we illustrate are that of Agriculture and Gardening, Flora wearing a sumptuous costume of the sixteenth century, and being attended by maidens scattering flowers, and that of the Butchers, who are tending two well-fed oxen in a mimic stall.

CHURCH AND BELLS OF STE. HÉLÈNE, BRITTANY.

STE. HÉLÈNE, which is situated almost midway between Dinan and Dol, is one of the old churches of the sixteenth century, which are still to be found in out-of-the-way corners in Brittany. The spire being too small, the bells, as shown in the picture, are set up on a massive frame in a corner of the churchyard.—The engraving is from a photograph by Robert Gordon.

NEW MASONIC HALL, KOOLANGSU

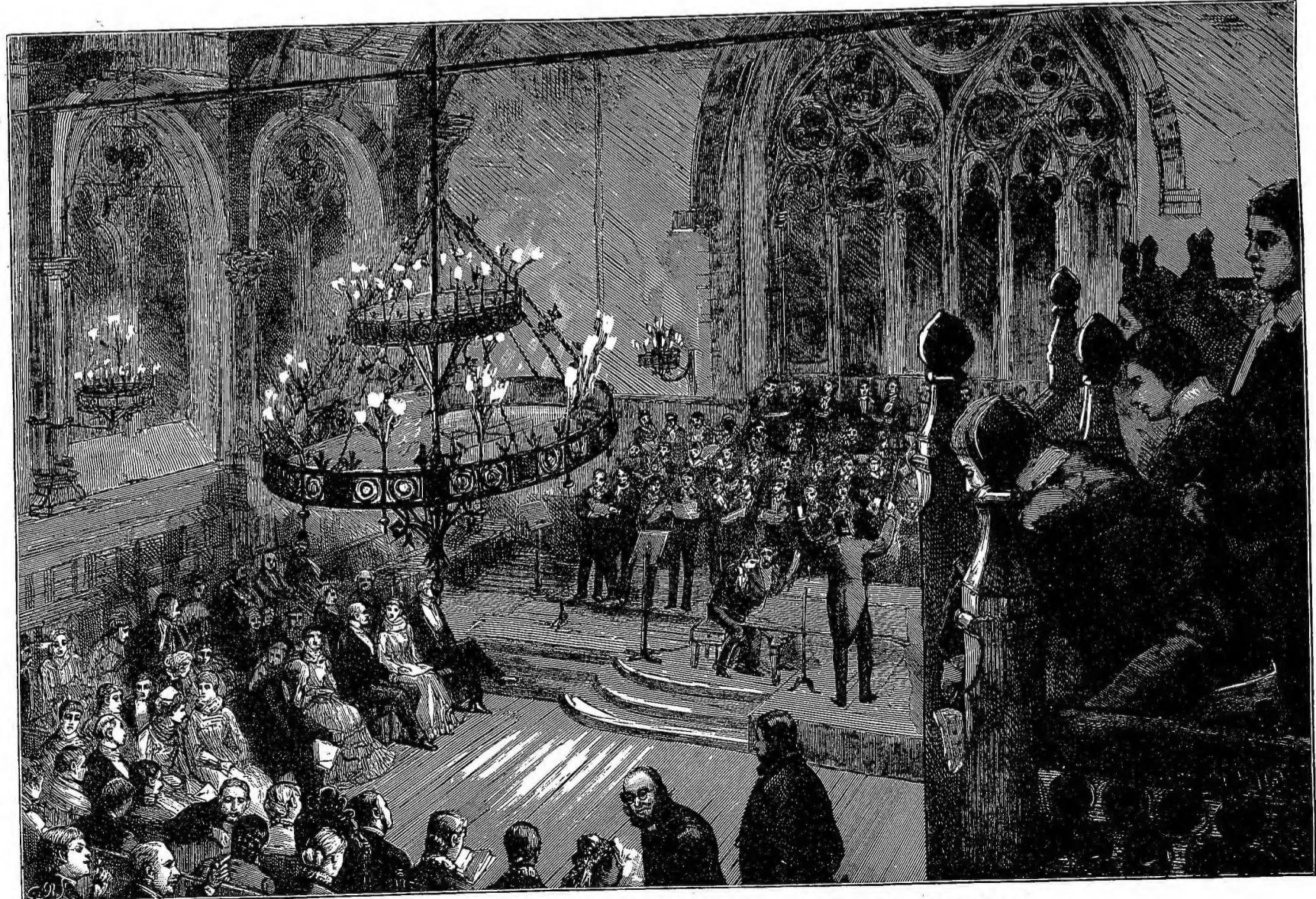
SOME of our readers may possibly be ignorant of the situation, if not of the very existence of Koolangsu. It is a small island in the harbour of Amoy, one of the five ports thrown open to trade by the Treaty of Nanking in 1842, and is now chiefly occupied by the private residences of the various officials, merchants, and missionaries who make up the total foreign community, all business being transacted upon the other side of the water, in close proximity to the native city of Amoy. Our engraving, taken from a photograph by Mr. St. J. H. Edwards, of the American Consulate, shows the new Masonic Hall recently erected to accommodate the members of the "Ionic" and "Corinthian" Lodges. It was designed by Mr. W. Danby, of Hong Kong, and contains a spacious hall of fifty feet in length by twenty-five feet in breadth.

SIR H. BESSEMER AND THE TURNERS' COMPANY

On the 15th ult. the freedom and livery of the Turners' Company were presented to Sir H. Bessemer, F.R.S., in recognition of the great services he has rendered to the world by the invention and production of Bessemer steel. The ceremony took place in the Guildhall, the new member being introduced by Past Master C. H. Gregory, who gave an interesting account of his career. The



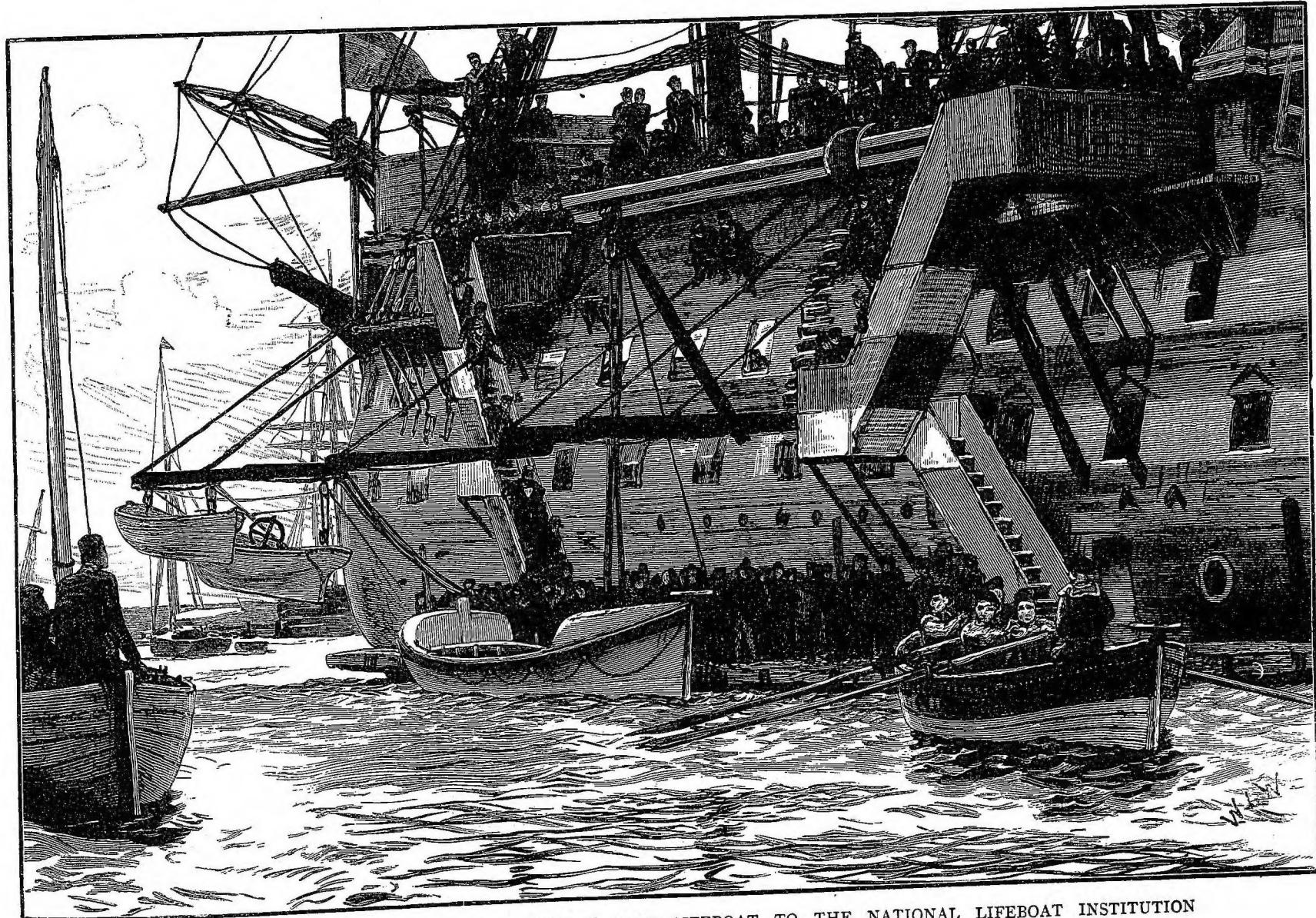
THE AUSTRIAN ROYAL MARRIAGE—THE ARCHDUKE RUDOLF
PRINCE IMPERIAL OF AUSTRIA



ANNUAL CONCERT AT MERCHANT TAYLORS' SCHOOL



THE AUSTRIAN ROYAL MARRIAGE—THE PRINCESS STÉPHANIE OF BELGIUM
BETROTHED TO THE ARCHDUKE RUDOLF



THE "WORCESTER" CADETS PRESENTING A NEW LIFEBOAT TO THE NATIONAL LIFEBOAT INSTITUTION

Master then invested him with the livery of the Company, and presented him with his certificate and a copy of the charter; congratulating him at the same time on the moral and pecuniary success of his efforts. Sir Henry, in returning thanks, said that no one could more thoroughly appreciate the honour conferred on him than he did. He was reminded by it that in his early days the art of the turner had a great fascination for him. He remembered the wonderful work of Jacob Perkins, whose designs were utilised for preventing forgery of bank-notes. At first he could not conceive how any mechanism could produce such a vast number of patterns; but at last he found in one of them a false division, the result of some accidental fault in the machinery. This revealed to him the secret, and in a short time he himself produced the patterns by the simplest possible means.

"LORD BRACKENBURY"

A NEW NOVEL, by Miss Amelia B. Edwards, is continued on page 473.

OPENING OF THE CANDAHAR RAILWAY

THESE engravings represent the celebration at Sibi, in Beloochistan, on the occasion of the Sukkur-Quetta Railway reaching that place. The event was indeed well worthy of celebration, the rails having been laid with astonishing rapidity in the face of the very greatest difficulties; and a journey which a month beforehand could only be accomplished in five or six weary marches across a barren desert, could now be got over in a few hours in a first-class railway carriage. My first sketch represents the arrival of the first passenger train at Sibi. The engine was decorated in the most approved style, and was named 'Herat,' in anticipation possibly of its ultimate destination. On the right of the sketch was the camp of the visitors, formed of double row of tents of all shapes and sizes, with avenues of trees between them. At the end of the avenue were several large tents forming dining and drawing rooms, and behind them came the kitchens. Across the avenue were triumphal arches, and the whole scene was as the work of magic, when one considered that a very few hours before the place was a barren piece of sand, and that the rails were yet two miles away. A large number of people accepted the invitation of the railway authorities, and some seventy or eighty ladies and gentlemen assembled to do honour to the occasion. Another sketch shows the health of the Queen being proposed at dinner. Early in the morning the band of the 1st Belooch Regiment marched round the camp, and roused those who preferred their tents to the open air. The day was passed in pig-sticking, tent-pegging, and other sports. After dinner the camp fire, which was one of no small dimensions, was the attraction, and songs were the order of the evening. In front of each tent was a small board bearing the name of the occupant.

"Another of my sketches depicts a gentleman who, having lost his tent, was seen wandering round the camp in the small hours of the morning, striking matches in order to read the names on the various boards. His search proved unsuccessful, and morning found him asleep in an empty goods van. How he had got there neither he himself nor any one else knew. The astonishment of the natives, as may be imagined, was great on beholding an engine. It was an amusing sight to see the avenue of trees in course of construction, for which a few hours sufficed. The British flag, which waved triumphantly, was made under the superintendence of the wife of one of the railway subordinates. Another sketch shows the making of other decorations. A Pathan coolie, having observed a vacant chair, probably for the first time in his life, thought it would be a good opportunity to try what sitting in a chair was like. He accordingly did so, expressing his approval by a benign smile. The smile was suddenly changed to a look of anything but delight, as a servant, observing him, charged for the chair, and rescued it with no small amount of vigour. Three days and nights' celebrations were tiring work, and going home for a short time this was the appearance of our railway carriage."—Our engravings are from sketches by Lieutenant G. D. Giles, 1st Sind Horse, Jacobabad, by whom the foregoing account is written.

HATFIELD HOUSE—J.

THE Hertfordshire seat of the Marquis of Salisbury is situated about nineteen miles from London, and occupies the site of a more ancient palace where the Princess Elizabeth was kept a State prisoner after her removal from the Tower, and where she held her first Privy Council, on succeeding to the throne after the death of Queen Mary. The present mansion, which dates from 1611, is built of brick, in the form of a half H, and is a fine specimen of Elizabethan architecture. It stands in a picturesque park, and there are few buildings which are so well preserved, the additions and re-erections which have been made, from time to time, being perfectly accordant with the original style. Turning to our engravings, we have first the "Armoury," a gallery of great length open on one side by a kind of trellis work to the lawn on the south front. It contains a large and valuable collection of arms, armour, &c., some of which were captured from the Spanish Armada, and others during the Crimean War. Amongst the curios are a saddle-cloth used by Queen Elizabeth, and another used by the first Earl of Salisbury. The west front looks on the Private Garden, a small plot of ground enclosed by a stately arched hedge, and containing some mulberry-trees, which are said to have been planted by King James I. The Grand Staircase, which leads to the Great Hall, is one of the most striking features of the place; the massive balusters and grotesque figures by which they are surmounted being finely carved in bold Italian style, and the walls being hung with choice portraits of the Cecils by Lely, Kneller, Vandyck, Zuccheri, Reynolds, and other great painters. One of these presents a curious appearance, there being upon it a portrait of the fourth Earl, by Dahl, and another of the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, by Wissing, the latter having been discovered when the picture was cleaned. Below the "South Front" shown in our last engraving is the Elizabethan Garden, and the approach is adorned by three pairs of richly-designed metal gates, which were erected in 1846, when Her Majesty and the late Prince Consort visited the Earl of Salisbury.—Some of our engravings are from photographs by Bedford Lemere and Co., 147, Strand, W.C.

THE DISTRESS IN IRELAND

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ON BOARD THE U.S. RELIEF SHIP "CONSTELLATION"

THE Constellation arrived off Haulbowline Dockyard, Queenstown, on the 20th ult., after a very boisterous passage of twenty days. The officers and crew were *feted* by all classes of society. When not employed on special duty as at present the Constellation is a training ship for young midshipmen. All her guns have now been removed to give her greater stowage room. She was built about 1797, but has been repaired and altered so many times since that hardly an original plank remains.

Our sketch represents a visit by the Duke of Edinburgh to the American Relief Ship. H.R.H. went out on Saturday, the 24th ult., with his Staff, in his barge. He was of course received by the Commander and Senior Executive (both very fine stalwart men), and all the officers, also Colonel King-Harman, Rev. Dr. Hepworth (the Commissioner of the New York *Herald* Relief Fund), Major Gaskill, and others. The utmost good feeling prevailed, but as practical work is of the first importance, the visit was not prolonged. "The lading and despatching of small craft" (says the officer of the *Lively*, to whom we are indebted for our sketch) "goes on with the greatest expedition and zeal. The Stars and Stripes, in honour

of the United States, flies from the fore of all H.M. ships of the Relief Squadron at present."

IN THE DECK SALOON OF H.M.S. "LIVELY"

FROM time to time, as opportunities offer, the leaders of the Irish Relief Squadron compare notes and make their plans for the salvation from starvation of the seaboard population, and especially of the island inhabitants whom it is impossible otherwise to reach. The sagacity and forethought of their plans is only equalled perhaps by the energy, tact, and temper with which they are carried out. The picture represents such a meeting in the deck saloon of the *Lively*, under Admiral H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh. To the left is Captain Moran, of the big ship in the squadron, the *Valorous*, in the centre is Major Gaskill, who passes much of his time on board that ship, with his hands very full, honouring, one may say, in kind, the pink cheques brought off by hundreds. Lieutenant and Commander Le Strange and other officers of the Duke's Staff are also represented.—Our sketch is by an officer on board the *Lively*.



THE NEW MINISTRY.—The Cabinet has now been completed by the addition of Mr. Chamberlain as President of the Board of Trade (an appointment which we anticipated last week), and Mr. Dodson as President of the Local Government Board. We have not space for a complete list of the other members of the new Ministry, but the most notable appointments are the following: Lord Chamberlain, the Earl of Kenmare; Postmaster General, Mr. Fawcett; Secretary to the Admiralty, Mr. Shaw Lefevre; Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Sir C. Dilke; Civil Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. Brassey; Attorney General, Sir H. James; Solicitor General, Mr. Herschell; Judge Advocate General, Mr. Osborne Morgan; Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Earl Cowper; Lord Chancellor for Ireland, Lord O'Hagan; Attorney General for Ireland, Right Hon. Hugh Law; Lord Advocate for Scotland, Mr. J. McLaren; and Solicitor General for Scotland, Mr. Balfour. The writs for the elections rendered necessary by the formation of the new Government were received on Tuesday, and in the majority of cases the nominations took place yesterday. The Ministers have all issued short addresses to their constituents, and the only sign of opposition is at Oxford, where Mr. Hall will endeavour to oust Sir W. Harcourt from his seat. Mr. Parnell, having at last made up his mind to sit for Cork, has recommended Mr. A. M. Sullivan to the electors of Meath. Mr. Herbert Gladstone will probably be allowed to walk over the course at Leeds, where he has been busily engaged in speechmaking during the last week.

THE NEW LORD-LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.—On Wednesday, Earl Cowper was formerly installed in office at Dublin Castle. The Queen's Letters Patent were read, the oaths of allegiance and of office were administered, and the Sword of State delivered to his lordship in the Privy Council Chamber, after which His Excellency went in procession to the Presence Chamber, and formally took his seat upon the throne. The ceremony was witnessed by a brilliant assemblage of ladies and gentlemen, and announced to the outer world by discharges of artillery in the park.

THE MARQUIS OF RIPON, the newly-appointed Viceroy of India, has selected for his private secretary Colonel Gordon, the leader of the "ever victorious" army in China. The Marquis will go out in the troopship *Malabar* (Captain Grant), which on her return voyage will bring back Lord Lytton, the retiring Governor-General. The Marchioness of Ripon, it is said, will not leave England until the autumn.

MR. GOSCHEN, the *Daily News* understands, will probably be sent to Constantinople as Special Ambassador for a limited time, Sir H. Layard being granted leave of absence.

THE MERCHANT TAYLORS last week presented the freedom of their Company to Lord Cranbrook and Sir Stafford Northcote, M.P., who afterwards dined at the Hall. Lord Cranbrook, referring to the recent defeat of the Government, said they were not inclined to despair at the position in which they found themselves. Sir Stafford Northcote said he saw nothing in it but an incentive to further struggles, in which they would use the fairest possible weapons. They were now a minority numerically small, but they had the advantage of being compact, and of being determined to stand by the great principles they advocated.

LAND LAW REFORM in England as well as in Ireland is one of the great questions with which the new Parliament will have to grapple. On Tuesday the Central Chamber of Agriculture held a council meeting on the subject, and unanimously adopted Lord Carington's resolution expressing a general approval of the measures introduced by the late Government, and a hope that the present Administration will give early attention to the question.

THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH has received from Her Majesty the Order of Victoria and Albert in recognition of her grace's unremitting and invaluable exertions in mitigating the misery and distress in Ireland.

THE ENGLISH FREEMASONS last week held their Grand Lodge under the Presidency of Lord Skelmersdale, Deputy Grand Master. The Prince of Wales was proclaimed Grand Master for the ensuing year, Lord Carnarvon Pro-Grand Master, and Lord Skelmersdale Deputy Grand Master. In the evening a banquet was held at the Freemasons' Hall.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY BANQUET was held on Saturday, under the presidency of Sir F. Leighton, who, in proposing the various toasts, dexterously managed to turn each of his speeches in the direction of Art. The Prince of Wales referred to the absence of his brother the Duke of Edinburgh in Ireland, and to the noble and generous relief sent from the United States. The Duke of Cambridge responded for "The Army;" Mr. Gladstone for "Her Majesty's Ministers," publicly thanking Lord Granville and Lord Hartington for bearing the burden and heat of the last Parliament, and at its close ceding to him the honours they might well and justly have claimed for themselves; Sir J. Paget for "Science;" Mr. Bret Harte for "Literature," the Lord Mayor for the "Corporation of London," and the Archbishop of London for the "Guests."

THE ROYAL LITERARY FUND.—The ninety-first annual dinner of this Institution was held on Wednesday, under the presidency of Mr. Millais, R.A., who testified to the close sympathy existing between artists and literary men, and made an eloquent appeal for the fund. Subscriptions were announced amounting to over £1,100, including 100 guineas from the Queen, and 50 guineas each from Lord Derby and Mr. Millais.

THE "PALL MALL GAZETTE" has passed from the ownership of Mr. George Smith to that of his son-in-law, Mr. Henry Yates Thompson; and Mr. Frederick Greenwood, the hitherto editor, has published a letter announcing that he "has been forced to give up all connection with it," and detailing a conversation which he had with Messrs. Smith and Thompson, who however have replied that his statements "are inaccurate, and based on misapprehension." Mr. Greenwood says that the men who associated themselves with him go with him, all being angry and ashamed of what has been done.

They will not allow their independent little paper to be extinguished. "Its spirit still resides with us, and it shall soon reappear with all the latest improvements."

A FATAL FIRE, and one which destroyed a large amount of property, occurred last week in Aldersgate Street. It originated in the upper floor of a wholesale drug store, being caused it is conjectured by the accidental or spontaneous ignition of some inflammable chemicals. This building and those adjoining it on either side (one being the printing-office of the *City Press*), were entirely burnt out, and other premises beyond were much damaged. Four persons employed at the druggists are supposed to have perished in the flames, and one other, a young girl engaged at a furrier's, is also said to be missing, but as yet two bodies only have been recovered. The fire naturally attracted a great crowd of spectators, whom the police had great difficulty in controlling. In the midst of the excitement a young man appeared in the crowd bearing a banner, inscribed "Come out of Babylon! The Great City shall be utterly destroyed by fire!" This modern prophet was quickly bonneted and his banner torn to pieces by the mob. The inquest was held on Wednesday, the jury finding that the fire was accidentally caused, and that there was a great want of attention on the part of the fire-escape authorities. On the previous day the City Commissioners of Sewers passed a resolution requiring the Sanitary Committee to consider and report on the laws in reference to the storage of dangerous chemicals within the City, and the existing powers of the Commissioners in relation to it.

THE TAY BRIDGE INQUIRY is still going on, the evidence being mainly of a technical character, interesting and, indeed, only comprehensible to scientific readers. On Thursday the Astronomer Royal gave evidence, and next day Sir T. Bouch was examined. On Monday reference was made to a letter which had been sent to the Board of Trade, stating that Sir T. Bouch was a shareholder in the firm of Hopkins, Gilkes, and Co.; and it was explained that, though he had inherited some shares from his brother, the firm had failed, and he had lost a large sum of money in consequence.



THE brilliant flash with which the new Parliament opened on Thursday week has not been sustained in the immediate interval. Even the opening ceremony was shorn of much of its glory by the absence of the chief actors in the great political drama. From time to time the British public wakes up, and displays an absorbing interest in the personnel of its legislators. Having read their names in the newspapers, it must needs see them in the flesh, and so it flocks down to Westminster Hall, and stands patiently in the lobby, or is "moved on" good-humouredly in Palace Yard. There was not lacking a crowd on the opening day; but it was not large, or enthusiastic in its attempt at identification. It is wonderful how few of the men whose names are in everybody's mouth are known by sight to a London crowd. The men who are thus distinguished have, with few exceptions, taken office, and, pending re-election, are not qualified to take their seats. Thus the crowd saw in the legislators hurrying to the House only some more or less ordinary-looking people whom they would have passed in the street without notice.

The truth is that Parliament has dragged a little after the first excitement of its meeting. It has been like the opening scene in a play, where all the stock company and supers crowd the stage and make a little talk leading up to the cue that shall bring on the stars. The principal business beyond the election of the Speaker (which on this occasion proved a mere formality) has been the swearing-in of members. This is a scene lacking in spectacular effect, and even in solemnity. On Monday there arose a somewhat heated discussion on the claim of Mr. Bradlaugh to make affirmation instead of taking the oath. From this it might appear that the Parliamentary oath is a serious and solemn thing. It must be recorded that one would never suspect this from watching the ceremony. At the outset an attempt was made to introduce something like order, the Parliamentary roll being called out in alphabetical order of counties. This is a device which chiefly succeeds in adding tediousness to delay, and after two or three repetitions it has been given up. It then follows that members have the oath administered to them in such order or disorder as may happen. Four tables had been brought in from the division lobbies, and are set longitudinally down the floor of the House. On these are set copies of the New Testament and of the oath, which latter is printed and pasted on small pieces of cardboard. To this table were summoned, in the first instance, members in the order of counties—a process which, if it had been continued to the end, would have fully occupied what remained of the month. The tables were in everybody's way, and the efforts made by hon. members to range themselves at the inner spaces called forth a development of strategy and a measure of physical prowess altogether inadequate to the end in view. Early in the day Sir Thomas Bates and Mr. Beresford Hope, both gentlemen whose corporeal presence does credit to their constituencies, chanced to meet midway between the tables, and in the endeavour to pass each other literally stuck fast—a new kind of Parliamentary obstruction which, after an excited conversation, was met by the simple expedient of drawing the tables further out.

Even after the procedure of calling out names was abandoned, the tables were permitted to remain, now serving a more useful purpose in the way of barriers for staying the advance of the throng much after the manner that barricades are built about the floor of our great halls during political meetings. The oath is in these circumstances administered by Sir Erskine May, who standing at the corner of the table reads out the formula, and as many appear before him as can get hold of the copy of the Bible. Each man having kissed the book there follows a *queue*, which struggles towards the table to sign the roll of Parliament. The ceremony of taking the oath obviously becomes in these circumstances a matter of individual option. There does not exist any reason except what is to be found in a man's conscience why one should not, being duly elected, take his seat without having taken the oath or even signed the roll of Parliament. If inquiry were to arise the precise position in respect to the latter case would of course be made known. Otherwise it is not anybody's business to go through the manuscript book in custody of the Speaker, and see that Mr. Smithers, the hon. member for Mudborough, has signed his name. The safeguard in this case is the honourable ambition which fills the minds of members to know that their autograph has its place among that of 650 other notables in the book which it is the care of the highest authorities to preserve intact. In the case of new members there is the other bond of assurance that in their newborn enthusiasm they are not likely to forego any ceremonial act which recalls their newly-gained position.

Swearing-in has been going on contemporaneously in the House of Lords under even more depressing circumstances. In the House of Commons there is at least a crowd, and an occasional rush. In the House of Lords peers drop in casually rather in accordance with their own convenience than with any special view of getting through the business, and sometimes the Chamber is empty save for the clerks at the table. The Lord Chancellor is however in waiting in one of the ante-chambers after the manner, though of course without the malignant intent, of a spider on the watch in a remote

corner of the web. As soon as one or two peers are gathered together the Lord Chancellor swoops down, administers the oath, and retires to wait for fresh arrivals. In this way Parliament slowly broadens down to the assured basis on which it will stand when it reopens for business on the 20th inst. Then we shall see something.



MADAME MODJESKA's first appearance in England has not disappointed even the high expectations founded upon the popularity of this accomplished actress in the United States. She played the part of the heroine in Mr. Mortimer's adaptation of Dumas's *Dame aux Camélias* at the COURT Theatre on Saturday afternoon before an audience justly entitled to be called critical, and she fairly won an enthusiastic welcome to our stage. Madame Modjeska, as our readers are probably aware, is a Polish lady of rank, who had gained some celebrity by her performances on the continent before she went to America a few years ago, and aided by her remarkable familiarity with the English language undertook at once leading parts in English plays. It was in Berlin, we believe, that her first successes were gained, and in that city she is an established favourite. She is a lady of middle height and of a pleasing cast of countenance. Her accent, though decidedly foreign, is not sufficiently strange to English ears to interfere very seriously with the sincerity of the effect of her performance, her agreeable and flexible voice, which she has under perfect control, greatly aiding the charm of her utterances. Her features are moreover singularly quick to express fleeting shades of thought and emotion. Besides these natural gifts, well cultivated as they are, she is a mistress of the arts of the stage, well skilled in employing—though not always quite able to conceal the art which she has studied with such good results. In grace of movement and expressiveness of gesture she has few rivals on our stage; and if she wants something of the poetry of Miss Ellen Terry's action, and of the same incomparable actress's spontaneous freshness and truth, she is still able to move the feelings of the audience in a remarkable degree. What seemed most wanting was the art which regards a performance as a whole, which treats a portrait with due regard to its total and final effect. But this in a certain measure may be attributed to the play, which is somewhat diffuse in the handling of its materials, which are again somewhat superabundant. The theme is not altogether a pleasing one, though the play cannot be justly said to be immoral. It aims at depicting the awakening of a genuine passion in the breast of a courtesan; and it may be even said to achieve a wholesome didactic purpose in the picture it presents of the unavailing efforts under such conditions—the bitter regrets and the sorrowful end in store for her who has once departed from the right path. In M. Dumas's play this theme is treated with a frankness which is more logical, and also more powerful than the modified treatment of the English version, the adaptor having doubtless felt the necessity of conforming to English tastes. Enough is left, however, to furnish many interesting and many really pathetic situations which the Polish actress well knows how to turn to account. Her performance was, in brief, a triumph. Should she be able to appear at some theatre in the evening, instead of only at daily morning performances—which are inconvenient to most people save on Saturdays—she is likely to become what is popularly known as “a rage” among us. The play has been very carefully put on the stage, and is acted generally with like regard to the conditions of success. Mr. Arthur Dacre plays the part of the hero Armand with spirit and power, wanting at present little but the ease, self restraint, and variety which are only to be acquired by long study and practice; and Mr. Anson, Mr. E. Price, Miss Le Thiere, Mr. E. Douglas, Miss Winifred Emery, and other members of the company give efficient renderings of less conspicuous characters.

The revival of the late Mr. Robertson's *School* will perhaps do more than anything yet done to familiarise the minds of the playing public with the fact that the HAYMARKET has now taken the place of the Prince of Wales's. Lord Lytton's *Money* is the appurtenance of no theatre; it has been played at many houses, and is indeed now public property, for the author's rights have expired by effluxion of time. *School*, on the other hand, is, like most of Mr. Robertson's comedies, exclusively the possession of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, and is never played in London save under their direction. It is an imitation—may, indeed, even with justice, be called an adaptation—of the late Herr Benedix's *Aschenbrödel* (*Cinderella*); but it is handled in Mr. Robertson's manner, and has become his own. Complaints that have been made of want of strength in the story, truth in the incidents, and variety in the humour are not wholly without reason; but it is easy to press them too far. The play has many pretty and many amusing scenes, and it unquestionably does amuse many persons who are not perhaps, on the average, inferior in intellect to these severe objectors. The celebrated scene in which the young Lord Beaufoy offers to assist the persecuted young school teacher Bella, when on an errand to the dairy, has been sneered at as the “moonlight and milk-jug scene”; but the charges against it amount to little more than a complaint that the dialogue is wanting in the epigrammatic sparkle of comedy which is hardly to be looked for in simple love-making. The scene is really truthful and pleasing, and it is charmingly acted by Mr. Conway and Miss Marion Terry—though the latter young lady is rather too much given to melancholy tones. The original representatives of the characters (*School* was produced in 1869) have disappeared, with the exception of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft; but that is a large exception. This lady's delightful vivacity and playful humour are nowhere better displayed than in the character of Naomi Tighe; nor have these qualities lost any part of their charm. Of Mr. Bancroft's Jack Poyntz—an excellent piece of characterisation—there is nothing to be said which has not been already well said. Mr. Arthur Cecil plays Mr. Hare's part of Beau Farintosh—not, perhaps, with the high finish of his predecessor, but still with admirable art, and with a considerable command of touching detail in the final scene. One of the most remarkable pieces of acting in the revival is that of Mr. Forbes-Robertson in the part of the usher Mr. Krux, which is a curiously effective portrait of a malignant nature. Mr. Kemble's Doctor Sutcliffe and Mrs. Canninge's performance of the part or Mrs. Sutcliffe are also well-conceived and carefully-executed portraits. The latter lady made on the occasion a successful first London appearance. The new scenery, by Mr. Hawes Craven, Mr. Ilford, and Mr. Hann, is deserving of much praise. The “Glade,” in the opening act—the work of the first-named gentleman—is a very effective bit of sylvan landscape.

Mr. Hollingshead has contented himself for the present with producing two specimens of the “neglected drama” belonging to what is popularly known as the “palmy days” of the English stage. The performance of *George Barnwell* we have already noticed; Matthew Gregory Lewis's *Castle Spectre*, a piece very popular in its day, and not merely applauded by galleries, but treated with respect by the critical, was produced at the GAIETY on Wednesday afternoon, with the result which the management evidently expected. Jeered at by the stalls, and applauded half-ironically in less fastidious quarters, Earl Osmond gloriéd in his guilty deeds, and Hassan, the black retainer, boasted of his revengeful spirit, and the ghost in white

draperies, with the bleeding wound upon the breast, moved about the stage from time to time until the curtain fell upon the conventional dénouement of the fifth act. The piece is a poor melodrama which no power of acting could render tolerable in these days to average audiences. The experiment at the Gaiety has shown at least that the plea for the patent houses that they helped to maintain the standard of dramatic literature had no foundation; for scores of plays neither better nor worse than the *Castle Spectre* were produced at these theatres, and revived again and again. To go on proving this, however, week after week is certainly not necessary, and we are therefore inclined to think that the suspension of the project in view of the forthcoming French performances is judicious.

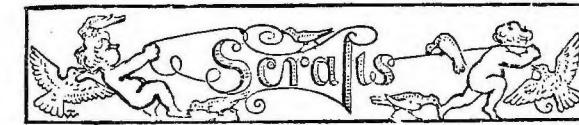


THE TURF.—The most enthusiastic believers in Newmarket can hardly say that the general racing at the First Spring Meeting was worthy of the head-quarters of the Turf; but still the race for the Two Thousand, the real value of which stake was close on 5,000/-, went a long way to make amends. Seventeen runners made a grand field, the largest since Pretender beat eighteen opponents in 1869, and only on two other occasions since the race was instituted in 1809 has it been numerically as strong. Brotherhood, in consequence of his excellent display at the Craven Meeting, when he ran third to Fernandez and Merry-go-Round, giving them lumps of weight, remained firm as first favourite till the fall of the flag, a little over 2 to 1 being his price, the Duke of Westminster's dark colt Muncaster was backed at 4 to 1, and the next in demand stood at 10, while almost any price could be had about a lot of outsiders. Keeping up the tradition of the present season, the result of the race was a great surprise, the winner Petronel being quoted at 20 to 1, with very few backers among the general body of spectators. His victory, however, was a very popular one, and the Duke of Beaufort, his owner, received warm congratulations on every side. During the “Hastings era” the Badminton hoops were among the most familiar colours on the Turf, but of late years they have been seldom seen. In 1867 they were carried to victory in this race by Vauban, who was ridden by Fordham, as was Petronel on the present occasion. For once in a way a dark horse and hot favourite made a good show, as Muncaster ran the winner to a head, and showed that the Duke of Westminster's stable was not far out in its calculations. The Abbot gained the third place, and, consequently, became in good demand for the Manchester Cup, for which, by the way, no less than seventy-one horses have been left in out of 148 entries,—a great compliment to the handicapper. As might have been expected, Muncaster's performance caused him to be backed for the Derby, for which he holds the position of third favourite, his stable companion, Bend Or, still maintaining the pride of place. Petronel is not entered for the Epsom race, and therefore, for this year at least, Lord Lyon will remain the last winner of the Two Thousand who also secured Derby honours, his double victory dating as far back as 1866. For the One Thousand a fair field of ten shapely fillies came to the post, and in making Versigny first favourite, and Elizabeth and Evasion equal for second, “the talent” were very near the mark, as Elizabeth got home first, the French filly, Versigny, second, and the Duke of Westminster's Evasion third. The black-and-gold colours of the head of the House of Grosvenor have certainly not been favoured by Fortune of late, and most provoking, indeed, was the ill luck of the new Master of the Horse on the opening day at Chester this week, when his Grace and a large party staying at Eaton Hall had to witness the defeat of his animals in no less than five races. However, if his Grace carries off the Epsom event with one of his Doncaster colts, the memory of recent defeats will not trouble him. The Cup, as it is called, was run for on Wednesday, according to time-honoured custom, but, though the usual large concourse of people assembled on the city walls and on the course to witness it, it is evident that its former popularity among owners and trainers will never be regained. For the last four years it has only been able to attract ten starters, and a score has not been seen at the post since 1864; but before that date, on several occasions, more than thirty took part in the contest, Joe Miller's year, 1852, being famous for forty-three animals entering the lists. Wednesday's race seemed a very open one, and in the comparatively small field 4 to 1 could be had against Rhidorroch, Fashion, and Sword Dance; while last year's winner, Reefer, stood at a point more. Fashion, from recent running, was fairly entitled to support, which she justified by winning easily enough from Lord Drogheda's Irish horse, Philammon. Rhidorroch obtained the barren honours of third place, and thus Peck's establishment keeps up the unenviable inability to win a good race this season.—Admirers of the famous jockey, F. Archer, will regret to hear that he has been “savaged” by that vicious animal Muley Edris at Newmarket, and it will probably be a fortnight before he will be able to resume riding.—The election of Mr. James Lowther to the vacant stewardship of the Jockey Club may certainly be taken as likely to redound to the well-being of the Turf. Anyhow, in this office he seems more the right man in the right place than as Irish Secretary.

CRICKET.—With the wind playfully between North and East, the very idea of standing out in a cricket field gives one the shudders; but nevertheless the game must be played in its season whatever the weather may be. Colts' matches and those among the Freshmen and Seniors at both Universities have shown some good play, and there is no real evidence yet that skill in cricket, as some say, is on the wane.—The Australian cricketers have arrived in this country, and seem somewhat disappointed that no really representative eleven has been engaged as yet to play a match with them. This is hardly to be wondered at under the circumstances, but it is to be hoped that their wish to meet the Gentlemen or Players of England some time during the season in London will be gratified.

AQUATICS.—The Trial Eights of the London Rowing Club have been rowed with a view to the selection of candidates for Henley Regatta. Three crews started, the course being from Putney to Chiswick, and after a capital race Ell's crew defeated Grove's by half-a-length.—At Oxford the College Eights are busy in preparing for the May races. Magdalen, University, Brasenose, and Exeter show very good form. At Cambridge Lady Margaret, Caius, First Trinity, and Third Trinity are going well.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, being detained in Ireland, was not able to preside, on Tuesday last, at the annual festival of the patrons and officials of the Charing Cross Hospital, of which he is the President. Lord Denman, who replaced him, was supported by a large number of influential people, including the Right Hon. W. H. Smith, representative of the borough. Times have been so bad, that the managers of the charity have had a hard struggle to maintain its standard of efficiency. Placed contiguous to one of the leading thoroughfares, the river, railways, and Covent Garden Market, it tends and cares for an unusually large number of cases of accidents. There is no endowment, and debts to the amount of 4,000/- have been incurred, but towards the payment of which the Secretary announced that 3,000/- had been subscribed during the evening.



A DISPLAY OF AMERICAN PLANTS is to be held annually in Hyde Park.

M. ERNEST RÉNAN will shortly publish a translation of Ecclesiastes, with a critical introduction.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM has acquired some valuable marbles lately discovered at Jerabulus, which are to be brought home in H.M.S. *Bittern*.

THE LITERARY CONGRESS AT LISBON, which was to have been held in June during the festivities in honour of the poet De Camoens, has been postponed to Sept. 15.

THE LONDON COFFEE AND EATING HOUSE KEEPERS' BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION.—The annual dinner takes place at the Cannon Street Hotel, on Monday, May 10th, under the Presidency of Mr. Alderman W. Lawrence, M.P.

A SUPPOSED RELIC OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN'S EXPEDITION has been pulled up off Sheerness by a fisherman. It is a large wooden-stocked anchor marked *Terror*, and is believed to have belonged to the unfortunate vessel lost with the *Erebus* in 1845-6.

THE LONDON WATER SUPPLY.—The Council of the Society of Arts have decided to summon a public conference to consider the question of supplying London with pure water. The date for the conference has been fixed for Monday, the 24th of May, and succeeding days.

THE ART EXHIBITION AT THE ALBERT HALL was opened to the public on Sunday under the auspices of the Sunday Society. Over 2,000 persons visited the Exhibition by ticket, and during the afternoon an organ recital was given—a plan which is to be followed on the opening of the Exhibition on the Sunday afternoons of May and June.

THE MELBOURNE EXHIBITION will be contributed to by 1,200 French exhibitors, and the space allotted to France measures over 80,000 square feet. The Government vessel *Finistere* leaves Toulon on Monday with the bulk of the articles, but a considerable amount will have to be forwarded by the English mail-boats, as the *Finistere* can hold no more. At Sydney there were only sixty French exhibitors.

THE VENTNOR CONSUMPTION HOSPITAL, which held its annual dinner last week, under the presidency of the Earl of Rosebery, was so successful in its treatment of patients last year as to reduce the mortality to 2½ per cent., restricting, however, the admissions to those cases which were in an early stage of the disease. The maintenance of the hospital yearly costs 7,000/-, to which only 1,000/- is invested.

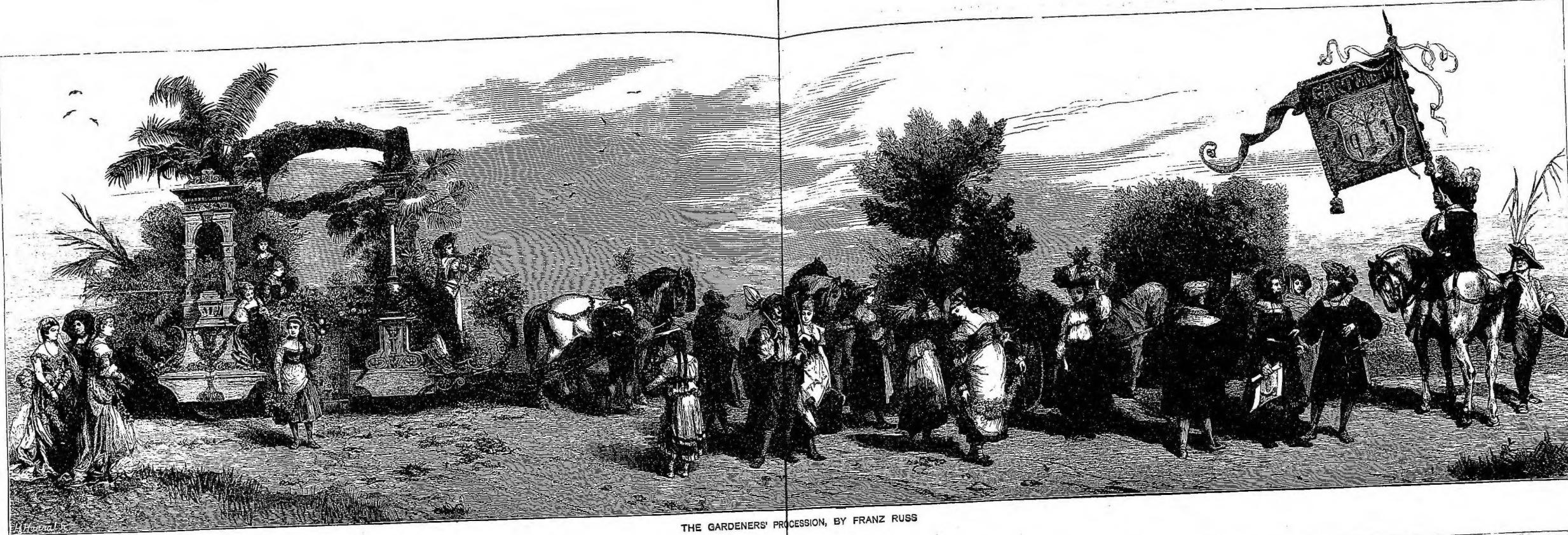
EGYPT.—Egypt looks a large country on the map; but the fertile region is merely a narrow strip bordering the Nile. A recent letter in *The Times* shows that the whole cultivable land of the country only amounts to 4,800,000 acres, or 7,500 square miles—that is, equal in area to a tract of land 100 miles long by 75 miles broad, which is about two-thirds the size of Wales, or the same size as New Jersey, one of the smallest of the United States of America.

THE REMAINS OF THE PARIS EXHIBITION OF 1878 are fast being utilised. The splendid pavilion of the City of Paris is to be re-erected in the Champs Elysées, on a waste plot of ground near the Palais de l'Industrie, and will contain the models and plans of various Public Works. The Chinese pavilion presented to the President of the Republic will be placed at the entrance of the chief avenue of the Bois de Boulogne, where it will probably serve as a restaurant, while the gardens of the Trocadero have been entirely opened as a public park.

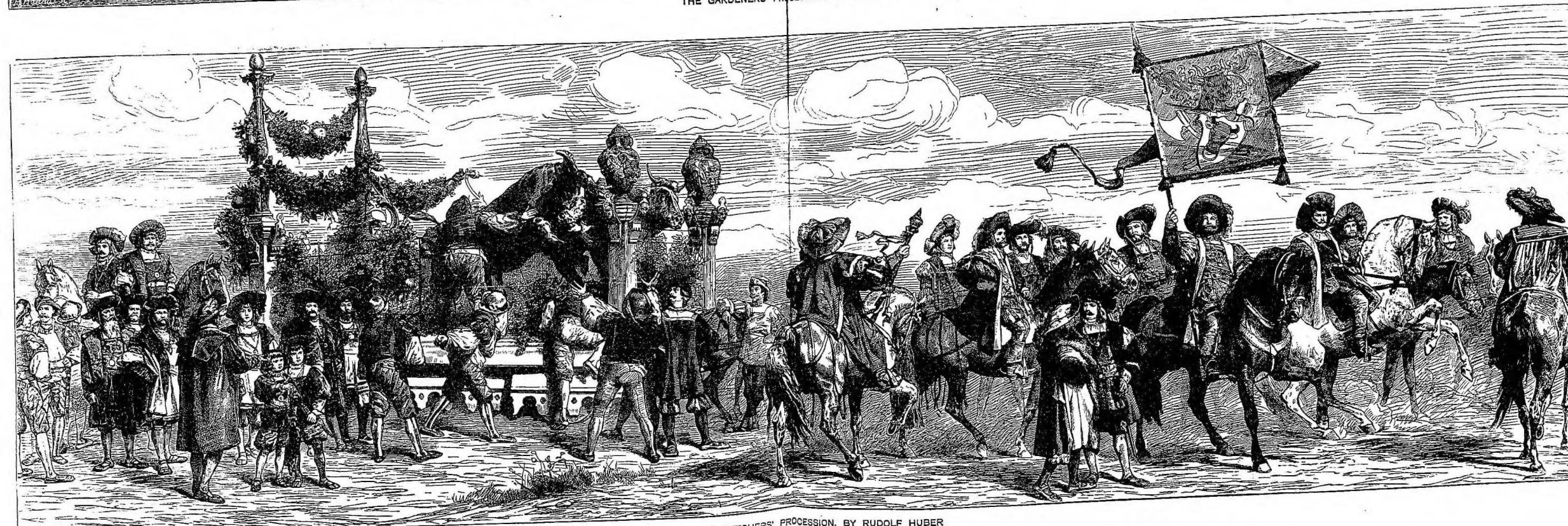
M. VICTOR HUGO'S NEW POEM, “Religion et Religions,” has been brought out in Paris, and is an ardent argument in favour of Deism. Divided into five parts, “Quarrels,” “Philosophy,” “Nothing,” “Voices,” and “Conclusion,” the work examines the truth of the various religious dogmas of the world, and bears the curious preface, “This book was begun in 1870; it is finished in 1880. The year 1870 gave to the Papacy Infallibility, and to the Empire Sedan. What will 1880 bring forth?” A French artist, by the way, is now painting a triptych illustrating the apotheosis of M. Hugo. The left-hand panel, the *Parisian* tells us, represents the youth of the poet, who is surrounded by a muse, a peri, and a fairy, while above in the air soar the personifications of his early production. In the right-hand panel is M. Hugo exiled on a rock, the wind vibrating the strings of his lyre, the sea and the picture of the “Travaillers de la Mer” being at his feet, and the Châtiments in the sky. The centre panel shows the poet borne by three muses to a marble palace where Homer presides with his two daughters, the “Iliad” and the “Odyssey.” Below are five niches, four occupied by Dante, Virgil, Shakespeare, and Goethe, the remaining one evidently waiting for M. Hugo.

LONDON MORTALITY still continues to decrease, and 1,387 deaths were registered against 1,417 during the previous seven days, a decline of 30, being 201 below the average, and at the rate of 19·8 per 1,000, a lower rate than has prevailed in any week since last October. These deaths included 18 from small-pox (an increase of 3, and exceeding the number in any week since last February), 31 from measles (an increase of 1), 35 from scarlet fever (a decline of 11), 15 from diphtheria (an increase of 5), 78 from whooping-cough (a decrease of 5, and being 3 below the average), 13 from different forms of fever (a decline of 2), and 12 from diarrhoea (an increase of 4). Deaths from diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 260 (a decline of 34, and being 80 below the average), of which 153 resulted from bronchitis, and 73 from pneumonia. Different forms of violence caused 61 deaths, of which 46 were the result of negligence or accident. There were 2,559 births registered against 2,616 during the previous week, being 60 below the average. The mean temperature was 44·8 deg., and 3·7 deg. below the average. There were 44·9 hours of registered bright sunshine, the sun being above the horizon during 102·2 hours.

THE VOLCANIC ERUPTIONS AND EARTHQUAKES OF 1879 were not so numerous as usual, according to Herr Fuchs, who annually furnishes the statistics of these phenomena. There were only three eruptions of any importance, the chief of these being in San Salvador last December, when a new volcano appeared in Lake Hopango, increasing the number of volcanoes in the state to eleven—five of which are extinct. The eruption of Etna in May lasted eleven days, and was notable for the length of the lava stream—nearly ten miles, and that of the volcano Merapi in Java in March lasted only one day, while several other Javan volcanoes and Vesuvius were much disturbed. Of the ninety-nine earthquakes the worst was in China in June, when hundreds of lives were lost, in Mexico in May, in the Romagna in April, when numerous buildings fell in Palazzuolo, and in Persia in the same month. Water-jets frequently accompanied the earthquakes, particularly in Bessarabia and the Lower Danube. Austria suffered considerably, particularly in Carinthia and Carniola; while there were earthquakes in the German Empire on thirteen days, the Rhine region having been much affected since 1873. Indeed lately a vast earthquake region has been formed embracing Western Switzerland, Eastern France, and South-Western Germany, the principal line of action extending over the Lake of Geneva to Basle.



THE GARDENERS' PROCESSION, BY FRANZ RUSS



THE BUTCHERS' PROCESSION, BY RUDOLF HUBER

ETCHINGS OF THE EQUESTRIAN COURT FESTIVAL AT VIENNA IN 1879



GERMANY.—The closing days of the Parliamentary Session have been sufficiently animated to compensate for the indifference previously shown by the members of the Reichstag, and the proceedings have not been altogether favourable to the Government, so that notwithstanding Prince Bismarck's declaration "that a trifling scrimmage only tends to bristen one up," a speedy dissolution grows more and more probable. Prince Bismarck has studiously absented himself from the sittings, half excusing himself by a statement in his mouthpiece, the *North German Gazette*, that this retirement has enabled him to devote further time to his Ministerial duties, in which he daily grows more absorbed, and declaring that the rumours of his retirement are entirely baseless. He was expected to speak in favour of the Provisional Commercial Treaty with Austria, which was discussed on Monday, but did not appear, and as if in revenge for this apparent contempt the Clericals called the Government to account for concluding commercial treaties without the consent of the Reichstag, and carried a hostile vote by a large majority. Much indignation against the Government also has been raised by the proposal to encroach on the rights of Hamburg as a Free City, by including St. Pauli, one of its suburbs, and Altona, within the German Customs Boundary, without obtaining the consent of Hamburg itself. When questioned in Parliament, the Under-Secretary of State virtually admitted the impeachment, but denied the right of the Reichstag to discuss a matter which must first be laid before the Federal Council, provoking a spirited reply from Herr Richter, pleading against the present German principle of allowing "might to go before right." The arbitrary action of the Government greatly aided the success of the Socialists at the recent Hamburg election, in return for which vexatious restrictions respecting the importation of cattle have lately been introduced into Hamburg, while there is further talk of directly connecting Berlin and Altona, and thus avoiding the Free City altogether. In their turn the Socialists made a bold stand in the Reichstag on Tuesday, when the Government Bill for prolonging the Anti-Socialist laws was passed in a modified form by a majority of 97. Herr Liebknecht, the Leipzic journalist, asserted that neither Hödel nor Nöbiling—whose attempts had occasioned these laws—belonged to the Social Democrats, and declared that the repressive measures had only touched the surface of Socialism, but had in no way checked it, while until Social Democracy was represented in the Reichstag it had been virtually encouraged from headquarters. His party was sure of victory, and would not abandon the field of battle, a declaration followed up by Herr Hasselmann recommending German working-men to follow the example of the French Commune and the Russian Anarchists, and acknowledging on his own part the connexion between the Nihilists and the Socialists. The alliance between Socialists and Catholics is warmly denounced by a Prussian politician, professing to set forth the Government views, and declaring that while Germany has made great concessions, the Pope has scarcely advanced a step, and has done nothing to sever this connection, the Catholic party opposing the State on every occasion. This subject also was the chief topic of discussion at Prince Bismarck's *savoir* on Tuesday evening, when the Chancellor declared himself quite ready to come to terms with the Vatican, but stated that he demanded acts and not mere words from the other side. The interest in English politics has considerably abated, but the Press holds the opinion that, though the change of Government will in no way affect the friendly relations of Austria and Germany, yet England and the two latter countries may enter a race to win the co-operation of Russia in finally settling the Eastern Question.

FRANCE.—There is little stirring, politically speaking, and the only episode of interest in the Chamber has been a slight skirmish on the religious question, M. Lamy, on Monday, attacking the validity of the March decrees against the Jesuits. His interpellation only produced a lengthy discussion, the Chamber supporting the Government's action. Much surprise has been occasioned by M. John Lemoine's sudden resignation of his post as Minister at Brussels, to which he was appointed only a fortnight ago, more especially as M. Lemoine has long declared his eagerness to enter political life. Whether he is unwilling to abandon the power he wielded on the *Débats*, or whether his health be the real cause, is much canvassed; but it is certain that he would have been a great loss to French journalism. Another diplomatic appointment—that of M. Léon Say to London—is distinctly announced by the *Débats* to be merely a temporary mission to enable the Minister to negotiate the Treaty of Commerce.

The Bonapartists are delighted at the prospect of a reconciliation between Prince Napoleon and the Princess Clotilde, the Prince having announced quasi-officially that the Princess intends to rejoin him in France. Meanwhile, another Napoleonic partisan, Baron Tristan Lambert, has formally declared his adhesion to the Legitimists, and his letter also shows M. Paul de Cassagnac on the high road to taking such a step.

In PARIS, the Salon opened on Saturday with a collection of 4,000 oil paintings, 2,000 water-colours, miniatures, &c., 400 architectural subjects, and 800 pieces of sculpture. The exhibition is considered to be of average merit, although the jury have been unusually lenient, and have admitted a larger number of works than ordinary; but many well-known painters, MM. Gérôme, Meissonnier, De Neuville, &c., are unrepresented. Several new arrangements have been introduced. Thus the works of artists *hors concours* occupy one class, those which are exempt from examination by the jury a second, in the third are the contributions of French painters in general, and in the fourth those of foreigners. Unfortunately, the pictures are still hung without reference to numbering, but the names are now inscribed on the frames, and there are two or three different catalogues—one, capitally illustrated with engravings of the chief pictures, being in English. Portraiture is as usual strong, the most noted likenesses being those of President Grévy by M. Bonnat and Victor Hugo by a Spaniard, Monchablon. Amongst the productions of other well-known artists are a Scotch view and an evening scene by M. Doré. M. Cabanel's "Phèdre," the "Scourging of Christ," by M. Bouguereau, Joan of Arc when first hearing her "voices," by Bastien Lepage; M. Bonnat's "Job," the usual peasant maidens by Jules Breton, a nymph by M. Henner, and erratic Mlle. Bernhardt's "Young Girl and Death," showing a fair slim maiden gazing vacantly, with Death looking over her shoulder. As befits a Republic, there are innumerable scenes from the Revolution, and M. Clarétie counts some dozen "Marats" and eight "Charlotte Cordays."—General Vinoy has not long survived his dismissal from the Chancellery of the Legion of Honour, dying last week at the age of eighty. His funeral was most imposing, but the Government was not directly represented, owing, it is said, to the widow's refusal to accept a public funeral from those who had broken down her husband's health.—Theatrical circles have been applauding Mlle. Bartet, who has replaced Sarah Bernhardt at the Français in *Ruy Blas*, while the only other dramatic incidents have been a revival of M. Richard's *Les Enfants* at the Gymnase, the début of a new soprano, Madame Montalba, at the Opera, and two amusing short pieces at the Palais Royal—*La Gisèle*, by M. Dreyfus, and *Les Deux Chambres*, by M. Ordonneau.

ITALY.—Italy has been suffering from another Ministerial crisis, the Cairoli and Depretis Ministry having sustained a crushing defeat on the provisional Budget. The Cabinet at once resigned, but the King refused to form a Ministry of the Right, and finally dissolved the Chambers. The elections take place on the 16th inst., and the new Chamber meets on the 26th. Great excitement prevails, and the King's course is warmly condemned by the greater portion of the Press, much to the delight of the Clericals. The late Chamber, however, has done so little of importance that its decease cannot be regretted.

AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.—No further collision has occurred between TURKEY and MONTENEGRO, but the explanation given by the Porte of the recent difficulty has been deemed so unsatisfactory that the Powers have presented a second Note, categorically demanding whether the Porte intends to re-occupy the Albanian positions, and formally hand them over to the Montenegrins. Much agitation exists in Albania, so that the Governor of Scutari has withdrawn his troops from the town, while the Montenegrin Government has complained to Turkey that a regular campaign has been organised against the troops. The Albanian League are openly demanding the creation of an autonomous Principality, and would probably choose a Prince of the House of Savoy. They might perhaps be more fortunate than their late fellow-subjects in BULGARIA, where brigandage and oppression appear as rife as ever. The unlucky Mahomedans can neither return to their former possessions, nor in default obtain the price of their property, and the Porte has again appealed on their behalf. The Mahomedans in BOSNIA also are asking for Austria's help in the agrarian question, and a deputation for this purpose has gone to Vienna.

RUSSIA.—The renewal of closer relations with Germany, shown by the sending of the deputation to congratulate the Czar on his sixty-second birthday, has favourably impressed official circles, where rumours of a Triple Alliance are again abroad, this demonstration being also regarded as a warning to Mr. Gladstone's Government.—There is a lull in the Socialist repression, clemency being now the order of the day, as in several cases lately offenders have been very lightly punished. Whether this alteration arises from the Czar's intercession or from General Melikoff at last seeing the advantage of a conciliatory policy is dubious; but, at all events, the Russian prisons can hardly hold many more, as the Moscow gaols have received 11,448 political criminals within the last five months. The excessive persecution of the Jews has been strenuously denied; but it is evident that the Hebrew race have figured largely in recent Nihilist trials. The *Novoye Vremya* estimates that 26 per cent. of the Nihilists are gentlemen, 19 per cent. sons of priests, 13 per cent. peasants, and 7 per cent. Jews.

INDIA AND AFGHANISTAN.—General Stewart reached Cabul on Sunday, having met General Roberts at Argandeh, and subsequently assumed the supreme command. General Ross's force has also safely returned to Cabul, while General Hughes has encamped in the Logar Valley, thus providing ample means of sustenance from this fertile neighbourhood for the Cabul troops. Ghazni remains under the governorship of Sirdar Mohammed Alam Khan, who is liked both by Afghans and Hazaris—the latter of whom were greatly disappointed that the English did not remain in the city. The town, however, was unfit to resist artillery, the walls being useless. Musa Khan has rejoined the Governor, and all is now quiet in the neighbourhood, although the force under Muski-i-Alam, which attacked General Stewart last week, has not yet dispersed. Returning to Cabul, the neighbourhood is stated to be still much excited, the Kohistanis having assembled within fifteen miles, and promising submission, but delaying to fulfil their promise. In the Kuram valley the Ghilzais are trying to raise the tribes, but the natives seem disheartened by recent failures, and even the efforts of some Mollahs to preach a Jihad have had little effect. A mission has been sent to Abdurrahman at Kunduz, and throughout India he is generally thought to have the fairest prospect of becoming Ameer. It does not seem, however, as if the present aspect of affairs was considered promising, to judge from the order to mobilise a reserve division of the Bombay troops for service on the Candahar line.

In India proper no little astonishment has been created by the announcement that there has been an error in the recent Budget estimates, and that the cost of the Afghan war will be 4,000,000/- in excess of what Sir John Strachey announced some weeks since. The responsibility of the estimates is laid entirely upon the Military Department, and the cause of the enhanced expenditure is attributed to the enormous cost of procuring camp-followers and commissariat supplies. The news of Lord Ripon's appointment has been favourably received, although by many Lord Dufferin would greatly have been preferred for the office. The native Press was at first highly delighted with the Liberal victory, and, indeed, the *Times of India* states that extraordinary interest was taken in the elections by the natives, who warmly discussed political affairs instead of the usual gossip.—It is thought that the new Indian Government will call the Maharajah of Cashmere to account for serious mismanagement.—The Rumpa rebellion is over.

MISCELLANEOUS.—An outrage against the Jews is reported from HUNGARY, where, during a fire at Grosse Surany, the populace attempted to throw the Jews into the flames, one man having his hand cut off, and several being seriously injured.—From the UNITED STATES there is an unusual migration to Europe this year, and the Transatlantic pleasure traffic seems likely to be the heaviest known. In political matters the Foreign Affairs Committee of the House of Representatives have passed a resolution requesting the President to obtain damages for the Fortune Bay affair, and to procure the abrogation of the Fishery Clauses in the Treaty, while the various State Conventions are busy choosing delegates for the Presidential election. The *Moravian*, on reaching Halifax, reports seeing a vessel, believed to be the *Polynesia*, fast in the ice, some fifty miles south-east of Cape Bay.—In SOUTH AMERICA the Chilean fleet are bombarding Callao.—CHINA is stated to be contemplating war with Russia, and showing hostility to foreigners in general.—Sir Garnet Wolseley left SOUTH AFRICA for England on Monday.



THE Queen and Princess Beatrice will spend a few days in town next week in order to hold Drawing Rooms on Tuesday and Thursday. Her Majesty on Saturday went to Bagshot Park to congratulate the Duke of Connaught on his 30th birthday, and during her stay the band of the Rifle Brigade played on the lawn before the house. The Princess Beatrice and Prince Leopold remained to dine with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, but the Queen returned to Windsor, where Her Majesty entertained Princess Christian and the Princesses Victoria Augusta and Caroline Matilda of Schleswig-Holstein at dinner. Next morning the Queen and Princess Beatrice attended Divine Service in the Private Chapel, and on Monday Her Majesty held a Council, at which Prince Leopold, Earls Granville, Sydney, and Cowper, and Mr. Gladstone were present. Earl Cowper kissed hands on his appointment as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and several new members of

the Privy Council were sworn, while a large number of Officers of State belonging to the late Government delivered up their insignia of office, which were subsequently presented by the Queen to their successors. Her Majesty received several other newly appointed Government officials to kiss hands, and granted audiences to Earls Granville and Beauchamp, and Mr. Gladstone. The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough arrived in the afternoon on a visit, when Her Majesty conferred the Order of Victoria and Albert on the Duchess in acknowledgment of her services to the Irish Distress Fund. In the evening the Duke and Duchess, Earl and Countess Beauchamp, and Viscount and Viscountess Halifax dined with the Queen. Next day the Duchess of Wellington visited Her Majesty to resign her office as Mistress of the Robes, and the children of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh arrived on a visit. On Wednesday the Queen and the Princess Beatrice went to Aldershot, and reviewed the troops in camp, being joined at Bagshot Station by the Duchess of Connaught. Her Majesty will leave Windsor about the 22nd inst. for her usual spring visit to Balmoral, and will be absent four or five weeks.

The Prince of Wales on Saturday presided at a meeting for the Commission for the Australian International Exhibitions, and later accompanied the Princess to the Court Theatre, while in the evening he was present at the Royal Academy Banquet. Next morning the Prince and Princess and their daughters, attended Divine Service at the Chapel Royal, St. James, and on the same day the Princes Albert Victor and George arrived at Spithead in the *Bacchante*, after an eight months cruise. Accordingly on Monday, the Prince and Princess and their three daughters went to Portsmouth to welcome the Princes, who are stated to have greatly benefited by the voyage. During their trip the Princes have passed their examination as midshipmen, and have duly shared the duties of their fellow-cadets, with whom they mess and took turns in keeping watch, while the *Bacchante* met with fairly rough weather, and once had part of her rigging carried away in a gale. Prince Albert Victor will now enter upon military studies—probably at Sandhurst—and Prince George remains in the navy. The Royal party on reaching Portsmouth at once went on board the *Bacchante* and inspected the vessel, lunching with Captain Lord Charles Scott, while on leaving a salute was fired, and the crew who manned the yards cheered heartily. After taking tea with Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, the Prince and Princess and their children returned to town. On Tuesday night the whole Royal party went to the Opera Comique. On Wednesday evening the Prince and Princess gave a dinner party, at which Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, the Marquis of Hartington, Earl Granville, and a number of the new Ministers were present. On Friday the Prince of Wales held a *levée* at St. James's Palace on behalf of the Queen, and later in the day the Prince and the other members of the Royal House would attend the House of Lords, to be sworn in as peers.—The Prince will preside at the annual dinner of the Rifle Brigade on the 28th inst., and on the 31st inst. will hold a *levée* on behalf of Her Majesty.

The Duke of Edinburgh visited Valentia last week, when he received a local Relief Deputation and inspected the Anglo-American Telegraph Cable Station, where he could communicate directly with the Princess Louise at Ottawa.—Princess Christian will open a bazaar at the Albert Institute, Windsor, on the 18th inst. on behalf of the building fund, and on the 22nd inst. will take part in a concert on behalf of the same object.—Prince Leopold was at the Haymarket Theatre on Tuesday night.—The ex-Empress Eugénie left Maritzburg at the end of last week with an escort of mounted police, and is expected to reach Dundee to-day, (Saturday).—There is little change in the health of the Empress of Russia.



CONVOCATION.—On Friday last, in pursuance of the Queen's writ and the Primate's mandate, the first service of the newly-formed Convocation of Canterbury was held at St. Paul's Cathedral. The Bishops in their Convocation robes, and the clergy and Proctors in their gowns and hoods, met at the Chapter House, and passed in procession to the Cathedral, where the Litany of Convocation was said in Latin by the junior Bishop present (Lichfield), the "Veni Sancte Spiritus" and the "Gloria in Excelsis" were sung, and a sermon, in Latin, was preached by the Ven. Dr. Balston, Archdeacon of Derby, after which the Primate pronounced the Benediction, and the procession returned to the Chapter House, where, after the names of the Bishops had been called over, the Archbishop, as President, charged the members of the Lower House, to withdraw to the chapel in the north-west part of the Cathedral to elect a Prolocutor. This was accordingly done, and, under the Presidency of the Dean of St. Paul's, the formal business of Preconisation was performed by Mr. F. Cobb, the Actuary; after which, on the motion of Archdeacon Harrison of Maidstone, seconded by Canon Gregory, Lord Alwyne Compton, Dean of Worcester, was unanimously chosen Prolocutor, a warm tribute being paid to the ability and impartiality of Dean Bickersteth, who, having held the position for sixteen years, had stated through *The Times* that he would rather not be re-elected. Lord Alwyne Compton will be presented to the Archbishop of Canterbury for approval on the 1st of June, to which day Convocation stands prorogued. The *National Church* says that amongst the familiar names which will be missed in the new Convocation are those of Bishop Walsham How, who declined to be placed in nomination for the Archdeaconry of London; Dr. Gee, who having left the Diocese of St. Alban's for that of Oxford, did not offer himself for re-election; and Dr. Purey Cust, who exchanges an *ex officio* seat in Canterbury for a similar, though more exalted, one in York. Among the more notable additions to the new House are Prebendary Stephens, the son-in-law and biographer of Dean Hook, Canon Thynne, of Truro, and Canon Wilkinson, of St. Peter's, Eaton Square. Of *ex officio* members there will be the new Dean of Salisbury, and the new Archdeacons of Surrey, Chichester, Buckingham, Oakham, Southwark, Kingston-on-Thames, and Carmarthen.

THE MAY MEETINGS are now being held in such numbers that mere enumeration of the names of the best known religious societies is all that is possible in our limited space. On Friday last week Lord Shaftesbury presided at the meeting of the Turkish Mission Aid Society; Monday saw the annual gatherings of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, the Colonial and Continental Church Society, the National Temperance League, and Mr. Spurgeon's Colportage Association; Wednesday those of the British and Foreign Bible Society, Missionary Leaves Association, and the Systematic Bible Teaching Society; Thursday those of the Sunday School Union, the London City Mission, the Church Pastoral Aid Society, and the Additional Curates Society; and yesterday (Friday) those of the Religious Tract Society and the Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews. Tuesday was observed as a day of intercession for missions in many places, and Wednesday as a special day of intercession for home missions. At Edinburgh, on Monday, the United Presbyterian Synod commenced its annual sittings. The Rev. Dr. G. Jeffrey, of Glasgow, the retiring Moderator, preached the opening sermon and delivered the opening

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address, and Professor Calderwood was appointed Moderator for the ensuing year.

TRURO CATHEDRAL.—The first stone of the Truro Cathedral will be laid on the 20th inst. by the Prince of Wales, the ceremony being performed with full Masonic honours. The amount already promised for the building fund is £38,700.

THE COLONIAL EPISCOPATE.—On Saturday last (the Feast of St. Philip and St. James) the Rev. Joseph B. Pearson, Vicar of Newark, was consecrated as Bishop of Newcastle, New South Wales, at St. Paul's Cathedral, by the Primate, assisted by the Bishops of London, Hereford, and Winchester.—On the same day the Bishop of New Westminster left England for his diocese, taking with him two laymen from Manchester, and some ladies.—Dr. Tozer, the Bishop of Jamaica, is about to resign his see in consequence of failing health.

A "FLOWER" SERMON was preached by Canon Farrar, on Saturday last, at the Slough parish church, to a congregation of children numbering about 1,000, all of whom brought bouquets, which were deposited on the chancel steps during the service, and subsequently taken by the Canon to Westminster Hospital, and there distributed amongst the juvenile inmates.

MRS. FRASER, the mother of the Bishop of Manchester, died on Wednesday, last week, at the age of eighty-seven. She had been a widow since 1832.



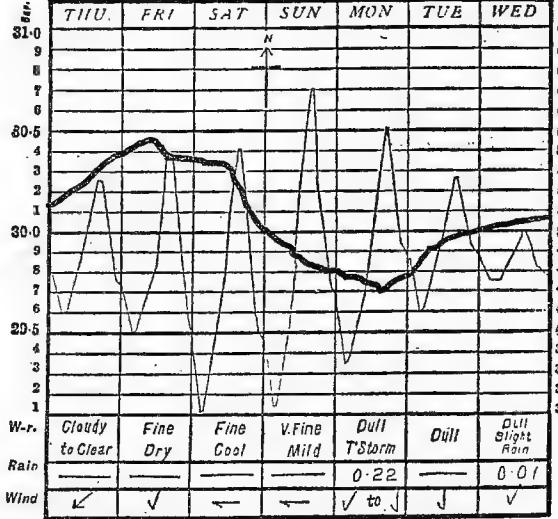
HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The prospectus for the season has at length been issued, and is calculated to give satisfaction to Mr. Mapleson's habitual patrons. The list of engagements is strong, including in each department the names of vocalists new to this country, besides those of others familiar and always welcome. Allowing precedence to the strangers—we find among the ladies, Mlle. Emma Nevada, about whom, as a soprano eminently fitted to shine in the Bellini-Dionizetti *répertoire*, there has been much talk of late; Madame Eleonora Robinson, from Hamburg, at present the only lyric artist of the Schroeder-Devrient school (that also, for example, of Ross, Csillag and Thérèse Tietjens), to be considered a worthy rival of the great dramatic singer, Madame Materna—Brünhilde of the Wagnerian *Tetralogy*; Miss Annie Louise Carey, the American contralto, who made so favourable an impression, some years ago, when "Her Majesty's Opera" was located at Drury Lane Theatre, and has since risen to high distinction in her country; Mesdames Marie Louise Swift, Ida Valerga, and Isidora Martinez, whose antecedents have been undisclosed to musical amateurs in this sea-girt realm, Signor Lazzarini, a tenor, and Signor Papini, a bass—about whom, knowing nothing, we can offer no opinion are also announced. To return to the ladies—when it is added that among the sopranos are Mesdames Etelka Gerster and Marie Rose, Mlle. Marimon, Mlle. Caroline Sala, who has lately earned golden opinions at St. Petersburg, and has been too long away from us, Miss Minnie Hauk, "Carmen of Carmens," to say no more; Mlle. Vanzandt, whose favourable reception here last summer is now endorsed in Paris by the not easily satisfied frequenters of the Opéra Comique, where M. Carvalho reigns supreme; and Madame Christine Nilsson, the gifted Swedish songstress, to advance one word about whose claims to consideration would be superfluous, enough has been adduced to show that, if they all appear in due succession, the "troupe" (as Scarron has it in the *Roman Comique*) will be efficient at all points. Among the contraltos, moreover, are Madame Trebelli, the universally known, and Mlle. Tremelli, the but recently known, whose voice, apart from other qualifications, would be in itself a recommendation; among the tenors, Signors Campanini, Fancelli, Candidus, Frapolli, and Mr. Maas (for the first time essaying his powers on the Italian boards); among the baritones and basses, Mr. Roudil, whose *début* in *Rigoletto* last year will not have been forgotten, Mr. Foli, Signors Del Puente and Galassi, &c., whose names it is sufficient to specify. Three "novelties" are enumerated. One of these is a revival, in the shape of Verdi's *Forza del Destino*, "with the recent alterations and modifications" of the composer; another is *Il Rinnegato*, a three-act opera by the Baron Bödög Orczy, some fragments of which have been already produced at St. James's Hall and elsewhere; a third is the *Mefistofele* of Signor Arrigo Boito, at first a signal failure, then (when remodelled) as signal a success in Italy. "Two at least" (*opératic façon de parler*) out of the three (the prospectus informs us) are to be brought out during the season. Whether Baron Bödög, or the composer of *Aida*, is to be accorded the preference, it is difficult to guess; but that *Mefistofele* will be forthcoming is more than likely, seeing that Madame Christine Nilsson is cast both for Margaret and Helen of Troy, the libretto of Signor Boito (his own work) being drawn in equal measures from the first and second parts of Goethe's great tragic poem. Opinions are at variance with regard to *Mefistofele*. Some German critics emphatically pronounce it nonsense, while the worshippers *quand même* of Wagner, Liszt, and Company extol it to the skies—which in some degree would seem to justify the opinion of the German critics referred to. Inasmuch as the published vocal score with pianoforte accompaniment reveals little, or, indeed nothing, to speak of, it behoves us to wait and see what the orchestra can make of that which, without its aid, looks very like absolute puerility. We have no such faith in orchestral power, great as is the spell of orchestral colouring. Nevertheless, the Margaret we know, and the Helen we may well imagine, in the prepossessing individuality of Christine Nilsson, may effect wonders. "The band and chorus"—Mr. Mapleson assures us—"have been retained as hitherto," but nothing is said about the "Director of the Music and Conductor." Happily we have conductors enough in our midst, not the least capable of whom is Mr. Weist Hill, who at Her Majesty's Theatre reads from the chief violin desk off the same book as M. Sainton. The "subscription" is advertised to consist of "twenty nights"—to which, it may be taken for granted, at least as many more will be added.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Keeping the promised novelties temporarily in reserve, Mr. Gye has been drawing judiciously upon his established repertory, extensive enough, if "used up," to stand him in good stead for half-a-dozen seasons at the least. That Madame Albani should come forward again as Amina, the guileless and interesting soubrette, in which part she first appeared among us, might have been taken for granted. Amina (*pace* Wagner and Wagnerites) is one of those characters in which the greatest lyric artists, from Pasta, the original, to Malibran and Grisi, from Malibran and Grisi to Sophie Cravelli and Bosio, and from those to Adelina Patti and, last not least, Albani, have most conspicuously shone. On Saturday Mlle. Albani was at her very best, and what that best signifies need hardly be insisted on. Her voice throughout the evening was in excellent order and under complete control, so that at the end of the opera, in the pathetic "Ah credeva non mirarti," with its jubilant sequel, "Ah non giunge," it was as fresh and strong as in "Care compagne," and its brilliant *cabaletta*, "Come per me serena," at the beginning. The chamber scene afforded another convincing proof of Mlle. Albani's remarkable progress in the histrionic department of her calling. She was applauded in every important situation with genuine enthusiasm. Signor Gayarre was Elvino, the Rudolpho

being Signor De Reské, than whom one better fitted to look and act the part, or to sing the music with correctness has hardly been witnessed since the best days of Tamburini. Signor De Reské was encored in the popular "Vi ravviso." *Un Ballo in Maschera* was the opera on Monday, with M. Lasalle as Renato, Signor Carpi as the Duke, and Mlle. Mantilla as Amalia; on Thursday *Lohengrin* was to be given, and for to-night we are promised the *Africaine*, with the young and rising soprano, Mlle. Turola, as Selika.

WAIFS.—Madame Christine Nilsson arrived from Paris on Monday night.—Herr Hans Richter, the prince of Wagnerian conductors, is again in London superintending the rehearsals for his nine grand orchestral concerts, the first of which is announced for Monday evening.—Mr. Carl Rosa and Signor Randegger have returned from their tour in Spain and Portugal.—The spring tour of Mr. Carl Rosa's company terminated last week in Manchester, where the success of our young English tenor, Mr. Maas, was as marked as in other provincial towns, the local press again speaking in terms of unreserved eulogy about his performance as Manrico, in the English version of the *Trovatore*.—The opera selected for the opening night at Her Majesty's Theatre is *Faust*, with Madame Nilsson as Margaret, and (we believe) Mr. Maas as Faust.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK APRIL 29 TO MAY 5 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Tuesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The past week has been marked by a prevalence of rather cold, and in most cases cloudy, weather over the whole of our south-eastern counties. The thermometer was once as low as 32° in the shade, and once as high as 64°, but has generally ranged between 46° and 50° as the mean for the day and night combined. Moderate to fresh north-easterly winds have been prevalent, and until Monday (3rd inst.) the air was very dry. On Monday afternoon a smart thunderstorm passed over London, and the appearance is still somewhat dull and rainlike. The barometer, after reaching 30.43 inches on Friday (30th ult.), fell pretty steadily to 29.69 inches by Monday (3rd inst.). Since then it has risen to a little above 30 inches, but is now inclined to fall again. The barometer was highest (30.43 inches) on Friday (30th ult.); lowest (29.69 inches) on Monday (3rd inst.); range, 0.74 inches. Temperature in the shade was highest (64°) on Sunday (2nd inst.); lowest (32°) on Saturday (1st inst.); range, 32°. Night frosts on the grass occurred on several occasions. Rain fell on three days. Total amount, 0.23 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.22 inches, on Monday (3rd inst.).

"TECHNEMACY" is a new permanent process for the reproduction of pictures, by which the inventors, Messrs. Morris and Lowe, 167, Fenchurch Street, aim at obtaining the same softness and depth of modelling as in painting on ivory. The specimen submitted to us, taken from Murillo's "Assumption of the Virgin," certainly exhibits these characteristics; but nevertheless the result is scarcely as pleasing as we should like to see. Readers can, however, judge for themselves at 9, Conduit Street, Regent Street, where examples of the process are on view.

THE CENSUS TO BE TAKEN IN NEW YORK this year is expected to show an increase of between 250,000 and 275,000 inhabitants since the last census, in 1875. Thirty-five years ago the population of New York numbered 371,223, while in 1875 the returns showed 1,041,886 residents. The rise in the value of property is of course correspondingly large, and one plot of ground known in 1832 as the "five mile farm," and bequeathed by its owner to his son with the request not to sell it has risen in value from \$8,000 to \$2,400,000.

THE SITE OF THE TEMPLE OF ELEUSIS, near the Gulf of Salamis, in Greece, and which was the chief seat of the worship of Ceres—the Eleusinian mysteries—is to be explored by the Athens Archaeological Society. A village now occupies the spot; but the Society has built new houses in another place for the inhabitants. Talking of Grecian antiquities, a valuable discovery has been made by the German explorers at Olympia—the tiny figure of Bacchus carried by Praxiteles' famous "Mercury," mentioned by Pausanias—and which was missing when the Mercury was found three years ago. The infant god has long hair confined by a fillet, and is leaning forward.

SOME INTERESTING ASCENTS OF SOUTH AMERICAN VOLCANOES have been made this spring by Mr. E. Whymper, of Matterhorn fame. He stayed twenty-six hours on the summit of Cotopaxi, in Ecuador, at an altitude of 19,500 feet, which he believes to be an experiment altogether unparalleled, and has scaled Chimborazo, Corazon, Sincholagna, and Antisana, finding the ascent of the last-named mountain the most difficult of all. He is accompanied by two Swiss Guides, and the whole party have quite ceased to be effected by the rarefied air, and can be lively at 19,000 feet. Mr. Whymper, however, finds the Ecuador climate very unfortunate for mountaineering, for as a rule the only fine time of the day is from 6 to 7 A.M., the remaining hours being misty.

THE VARIATIONS OF THE IRON TRADE within the last fifty years are shown with great clearness by a chart sent us by Mr. W. G. Fossick, and which illustrates the yearly production of iron in the United Kingdom, the weight exported, and the varying prices from 1830 to the present time. Thus the chart shows that the total amount of pig iron turned out by British furnaces in 1830, namely, 600,000 tons, was about one-tenth the amount manufactured in 1872, namely, 6,500,000 tons, and that last year, despite the bad state of trade, the output was only about 500,000 tons less than in 1872, which has been the best year for the trade during that period. Except during the years of the Crimean War and the American Civil War, the exports have increased annually almost without a break from 117,135 tons, in 1830, until the year 1872, when the total exports were 3,382,762 tons. Since then, however, the quantity has fallen off, and in 1876 only amounted to 2,224,470 tons. Subsequently, however, the rise recommenced, and last year the exports amounted to 2,879,834 tons. Accompanying the chart also is a chronological supplement which gives the causes which may have contributed to the stagnation or to the buoyancy of the iron trade for each year.



THE TRIAL OF THE LATE WEST OF ENGLAND BANK DIRECTORS came to an end on Wednesday. The case for the prosecution was completed on Friday last, and the speeches of the various counsel for the defence, which occupied nearly three days, were followed by the evidence of a few representative witnesses, who spoke to the high position and reputation of the several defendants. Sir John Holker began his reply on behalf of the Crown on Tuesday. While contending that the defendants, knowing the real condition of the bank, had tried by false representations to keep it afloat until trade revived, the Lord Chief Justice stopped him, remarking that that was not the charge in the indictment, and that he was suggesting a motive. Soon afterwards, when the learned counsel was about to quote from the Lord Justice Clerk's summing up in the Glasgow Bank trial, his lordship, turning to the jury, told them that they must take their law from him, and not from any other judge. He, however, allowed the extract to be read, but when that had been done, remarked that if that view of the law was to be relied on, it was much to be regretted that the case had not been opened so as to give the defending counsel an opportunity of arguing the point, which certainly reached his mind then for the first time. On Wednesday Sir J. Holker, continuing his speech, ridiculed the idea of the entry of the life policies at £100,000, being a "mistake," called attention to the debt of the Plymouth and Aberdare Company, and other matters, and concluded by asking the jury if the directors did not, knowing the balance-sheet to be false, issue it with a view to conceal the real state of their affairs? The Lord Chief Justice, in summing up, said that this charge was not the one contained in the indictment. They were not accused of having concealed what they might have disclosed, but of having falsified the accounts for the purposes of fraud. In 1872 there was not the slightest pretence for saying that the directors anticipated any danger to their establishment. It was plain that the very best thing that could be done for the benefit of the shareholders and creditors was to keep the bank going. How then could it be a fraud? The jury, after an absence of fifteen minutes, returned a verdict of Not Guilty in each case, a result which was received with some applause in Court. A curious legal anomaly was brought about by the change of Government during the progress of the trial, the prosecution being conducted by legal gentlemen who had ceased to be officers of the Crown, whilst amongst the defending counsel were Sir Henry James and Mr. Herschell—the very men who, in virtue of their new appointments as Attorney-General and Solicitor-General ought to have appeared for the Treasury.

PICTORIAL COPYRIGHT.—It will be remembered that about a year ago a dispute between Messrs. Dicks, the proprietors of *Bow Bells*, and Mr. Brooks, the well-known print publisher, respecting the right to publish copies of Mr. Millais's picture, "The Huguenot," was heard before Vice-Chancellor Bacon, who granted an injunction restraining the first-named firm from issuing their chromo-printed reproduction of the picture, which he held to be a colourable imitation of Mr. Brooks' copyright engraving of the same work. This decision has now been reversed in the Court of Appeal by Lords Justices James, Baggallay, and Bramwell, on the ground that the law only gives the engraver protection against piratical copying of his own artistic work, and does not endow him with any right to the design or composition of the original picture, which belongs to the painter of it. Their lordships hold that Messrs. Dicks' print, which is a pattern for Berlin woolwork, belongs to an entirely different class of Art, and is no more calculated to injure the sale of Mr. Brooks' engraving than a waxen or plaster model of the same group would be. Their lordships further expressed their opinion that Messrs. Dicks had not acted improperly either legally or morally. The counter claim made by Messrs. Dicks against Mr. Brooks for damages in respect of the publication of a warning circular failed, because it was shown that only one copy of the document was issued, and no "sensible damage" could be traced to it.

THE BIRMINGHAM MAGISTRACY.—The action of the late Lord Chancellor, in adding, on the eve of his retirement, eleven magistrates to the commission of peace for the borough of Birmingham without consulting the town Council, seems to have offended them greatly. Not only have they passed a formal resolution expressing "regret," but they are about to submit to the present Lord Chancellor the names of twelve other persons for appointment in order to restore the balance of political opinion on the Bench. These will bring the magisterial roll up to fifty-seven.

THE UNPAID MAGISTRACY.—Lord Clifton, eldest son of the Earl of Darnley, in announcing that at his own request the Lord Chancellor has removed his name from the Commission of Peaces, says that it is a question how far it may be useful in the interests of justice to appoint young men just of age to such an office simply because they are the sons of peers and landed proprietors. He adds: "My views on the question of the Great Unpaid will be known quite soon enough. I heartily pray that it may never be my own fate to be tried by a drumhead court-martial of generals, colonels, yeomanry officers, and parsons. But at any rate I will see the fanatics of vaccination and education much further before I do their dirty work for them without being paid for it."

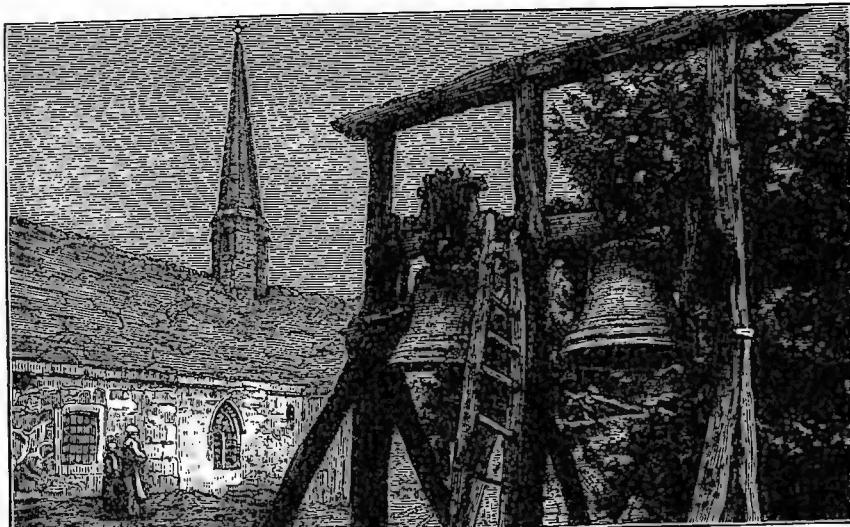
WHOLESALE SMUGGLING.—At the Hull Police Court last week, a ship's steward and four other persons were convicted of being concerned in the importation of 3,000 pounds weight of smuggled tobacco, and fines were imposed upon them amounting in the aggregate to 7,000. Each was, however, given the alternative of six months' imprisonment.

A SINGULAR CHARGE OF LIBEL has been brought against a draper by a young woman, who alleges that she has been obliged to leave her situation at a Court milliner's in Regent Street in consequence of his having sent her a number of post-cards, accusing her of intending to avoid payment of a debt. One of the post-cards threatened that the matter should be laid before her employer, and in another it was said that if she spent less money in gin-palaces perhaps she could more easily pay her accounts. The defendant has been committed for trial.

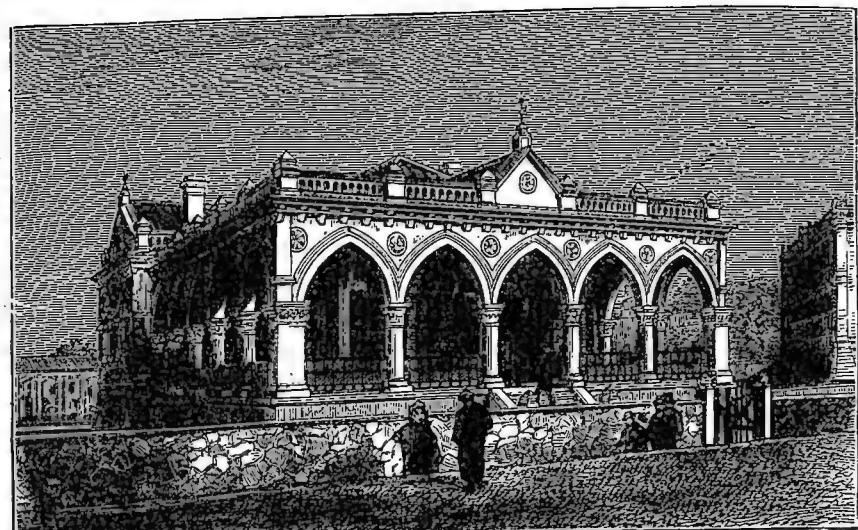
A STRANGE COLLECTION of property, supposed to have been stolen, has just been discovered in a hut by the river side at Wandsworth, occupied by a barge owner named Gilbert, who was arrested for stealing some boards and scaffold-poles from a building in the vicinity. He was seen carrying off the boards, which he dropped and ran away, but was pursued and captured by a constable. His hut was then searched, and the police found therein a quantity of miscellaneous articles, including a large number of unopened letters, book packets, and circulars, bearing dates ranging from 1869 to 1877 (a period when he was in the service of the Post Office as a letter-carrier), for delaying the delivery of which he will be prosecuted. There was besides about thirty milk-cans, which, it is thought, he may have taken from houses while going his rounds; and a case of forty rifles.

WHIPPING OF JUVENILE OFFENDERS.—The *Daily News* calls attention to a singular regulation just issued by the Home Office, ordering that whenever a little boy is sentenced by a magistrate to be birched, the punishment must be inflicted in the presence of a surgeon, who is paid at the rate of 5s. for one boy, and 3s. 6d. for every succeeding boy. Our contemporary observes

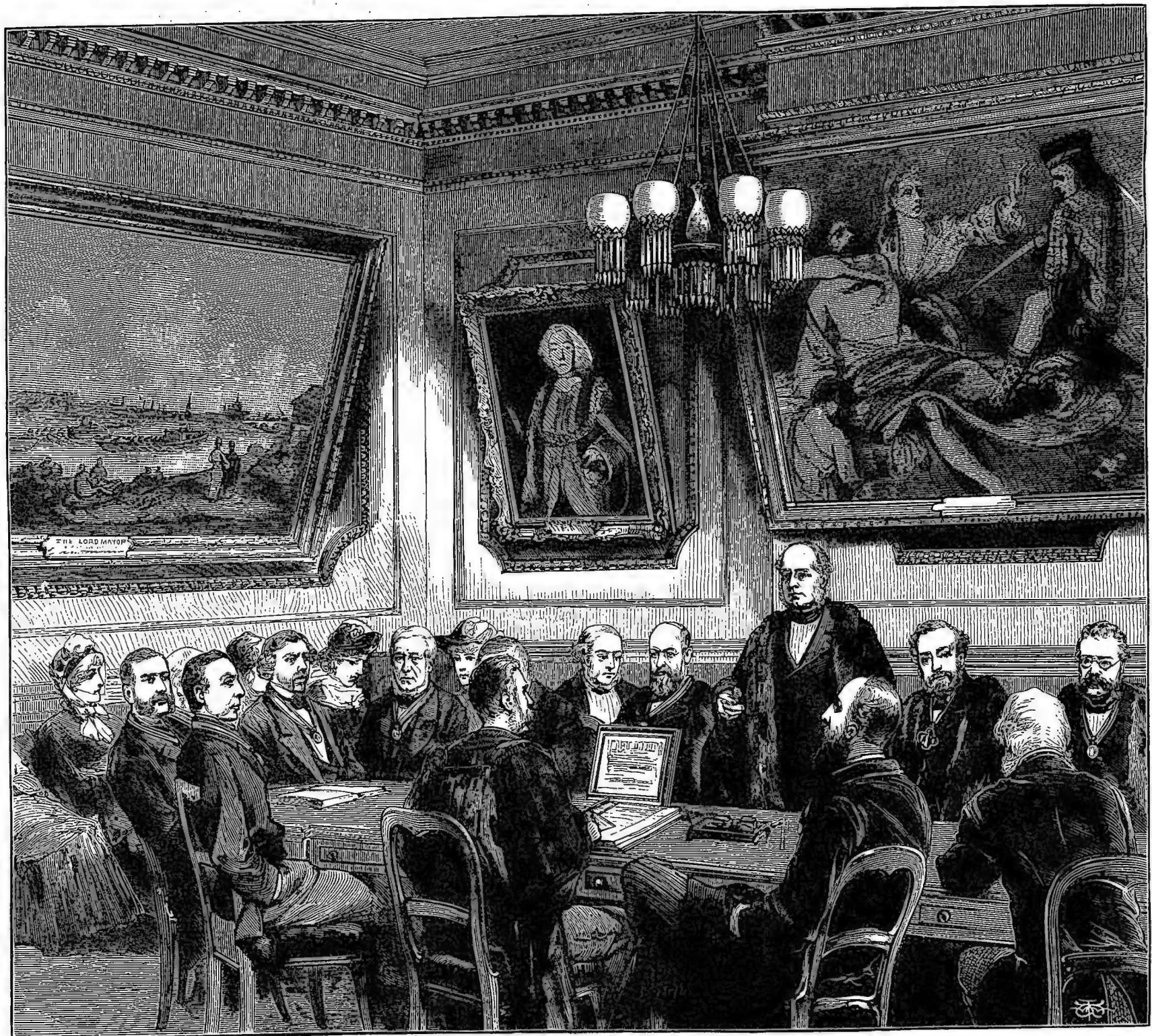
(Continued on page 482)



THE CHURCH AND BELLS OF STE. HÉLÈNE, BETWEEN DINAN AND DOL, BRITTANY



NEW MASONIC HALL, KOOLANGSU, CHINA



Mr. C. W. Turner Mr. Jones Mr. Shirreff (Clerk) Upper Warden
Mr. Christopherson Professor Tenant Professor Morris Sir H. Bessemer Mr. Holtzapfel (Master)
Mr. Loveland Mr. C. H. Gregory

PRESENTATION OF THE FREEDOM OF THE TURNERS' COMPANY TO SIR HENRY BESSEMER



FROMENT.

DRAWN BY LUKE FILDES, A.R.A.

Winifred ran back to the cot and pinned her five-pound note to baby's pillow.

LORD BRACKENBURY: A Novel

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,

Author of "Barbara's History," "Debenham's Vow," &c.

CHAPTER XXII.

MR. MARRABLES ON UMBRELLAS

"My dear Miss Winifred," said Mr. Marrables, pulling up sharply in the middle of the road, "you are the very young lady to whom I had promised myself the pleasure of paying a visit. Pray forgive me for not taking off my hat to you. It's all I can do, 'pon my honour, to hold him in with both hands. He's so very fresh, you see. . . . So—soho, Rory—good Rory! Charming morning—bright, cold, seasonable. Ten degrees of frost last night, my gardener tells me. And Miss Langtry—I hope Miss Langtry is well? For yourself, I need not ask so unnecessary a question. You look all health and brightness—Aurora herself come down for a morning walk along the King's Highway! You are going from home, I see. May I have the honour of taking you anywhere?"

"You shall take me back to The Grange, Mr. Marrables," replied Winifred, setting down her basket somewhat carefully in the grass by the roadside, and producing a little rosy apple from the depths of her pocket. "I was only going to Mrs. Pennefeather's, and that will do by-and-by. Good Rory!—see how gently he takes it! He will stand quite still now."

Mr. Marrables shook his head, and protested that Miss Savage must not turn back for him.

"My business," he said, "is an affair of two minutes. If you will allow me to drive you to The Hermitage, we can despatch it by the way—*solvitur ambulando*, as we say in the classics. Or we can talk it over on this very spot, if you prefer it. Nay, my dear

young lady, you pamper Rory. He's open to any amount of petting and any number of apples—a most unconscionable beast, I assure you."

It need scarcely be said that Mr. Marrables was not Miss Langtry's lawyer. Although that lady, after her brother's death, withdrew her business from the hands of Fawcett and Clarke, whom she profoundly distrusted, she never dreamed of transferring it to a firm which had not only been for two generations identified with the Brackenbury interests, but had borne a leading part in the ever memorable lawsuit. Yet, notwithstanding that Mr. Marrables had lived his life in the enemy's camp, Miss Langtry did not personally dislike him. He was, on the contrary, one of the very few people with whom she might be said to "get on" quite pleasantly whenever they chanced to meet. As for Winifred and Mr. Marrables, they were the best possible friends. Hers was a dull life, and the little man amused her with his cheery laugh and his inexhaustible flow of chatter. He was, besides, very courteous in his intercourse with ladies, and piqued himself on an antiquated gallantry that never failed to please them. Of course, he was a professed admirer of beauty; and being not only a professed admirer of beauty, but keenly appreciative of womanly grace and goodness, he was, equally of course, the devoted servant of Miss Savage.

"These apples were for the children," said Winifred remorsefully, "and now I have but four left! No, Rory—that was positively the last. Well, if really and truly you don't care about going to The Grange, Mr. Marrables

"Really and truly, Miss Winifred, I am glad not to make the little *détour*!"

"And if The Hermitage is not out of your way"

"I must, in any case, pass the end of the lane."

"Then as far as the end of the lane, I will gladly take advantage of your kindness. Stay! I must first give you my basket. Take care! It is full of eggs."

"Eggs?" said Mr. Marrables, placing it under the seat, and helping Miss Savage into the carriage; "it looks like flowers."

"Flowers above; eggs below—a combination of poetry and prose. And now, Mr. Marrables, please tell me why you were coming to see me this morning?"

"More, in truth, for the pleasure of paying my respects to you, Miss Savage, than from actual necessity. I could as well have sent over the same clerk who went to you the other day for your signature; but I preferred to wait upon you myself—merely, however, to inform you that we have opened an account for you at the Old Bank, and that the sum of 12,000*l.* is duly paid in to your credit. Also, I have brought you a cheque-book and a pass-book—two very useful little volumes."

Winifred took them, half shyly.

"A cheque-book?" she said. "Fancy my having a cheque-book—I who never had any money in my life!"

"Everything must have a beginning; and twelve thousand pounds is not a bad beginning for so young and fair a capitalist!"

"Ah! but when the mortgage is paid off"

Having for the moment forgotten how this matter of the mortgage had been kept private, she checked herself confusedly.

"Perhaps you did not know there was a mortgage?" she said.

"Why, yes—I knew there was something of the kind. We lawyers hear most of those things, you know. But, bless me! mortgages are as common as blackberries. Show me the old property nowadays that is not mortgaged!"

"I am glad you know it," said Winifred, simply. "I am glad to be able to talk to you about it. May I ask you one or two questions, Mr. Marrables?"

"Miss Winifred, you may ask me a thousand. What do you want to know?"

"Well—I have always wanted to know why we ever went to law at all with old Lord Brackenbury's father. To me it has never seemed reasonable. The piece of land on which they found the mine was sold and done with, like any other thing that people sell. If we sold our family portraits, and one of them turned out to be a Vandyke or a Holbein, we should not go to law about it."

"My dear young lady," said Mr. Marrables, "if you ask me many such questions, we shall have to take a driving tour together, in order to give me time enough to answer them. But I will do my best to explain the position—though, indeed, it is a matter not only difficult to explain, but difficult to understand when explained. You may, perhaps, have heard of such a thing as 'an attendant term?'"

"Never."

"Ah, well—an attendant term used to be one of the standing mysteries of English law. It was a—a kind of contrivance, whereby jointures and the portions of younger children were secured by the creation of what were called 'terms' of years—terms of two, three, or even five hundred years. When these terms had served their purpose, instead of being merged in the freehold, they were assigned to separate trustees 'to attend the inheritance'; and every time the estate changed hands, whether by devolution or sale, these terms were re-assigned to new trustees, in order to protect the new possessor from any possible flaw in the title. Do you follow me?"

"N—no; not exactly."

"I should be surprised if you did," said Mr. Marrables drily. "To put it differently, then—an 'attendant term' was a kind of legal umbrella which the lawyer held over his client's head; not because it was ever likely to rain; but in case it could, would, should, or might rain."

"What an absurd thing!"

"Not only absurd, but clumsy—which is worse. However, this ridiculous contrivance was abolished by Act of Parliament some twenty years ago—a most sensible measure; the effect of which was as if an Act had been passed providing that umbrellas should be abolished, and that what had hitherto been called umbrellas should cease to be deemed umbrellas, and should not need to be specially held up; but should henceforward be held to have the same effect as if they were held up. Well, my dear Miss Winifred, that unlucky bit of land, you see, was sold under the old law, and your great-uncle's solicitor (a most worthy man—I knew him from a boy) neglected to put up the umbrella."

"And then it rained?"

"Precisely—I see you take me this time. Well, now, if that bit of land had been as worthless as it looked, no one would ever have thought of inquiring whether the umbrella had been put up or not. It turned out, however, to be immensely valuable. The late Squire put himself into the hands of Fawcett and Clarke; Fawcett and Clarke, like sharp men of business, found out the omission—and thereby hung the lawsuit. No—no—no . . . no thanks. I am only delighted if I have really made it clear to you."

"I certainly seem to know more about it than I ever knew before," said Winifred hesitatingly.

"Thanks to my story of the umbrella; not my joke, however—oh, dear, no!—I never said anything half so witty."

"But—but I am afraid I find the joke more difficult than the legal formula."

"Eh?—you don't mean that? No—no; you don't mean that, my dear Miss Winifred."

"I know I am very stupid," said Winifred.

"I would not hear your enemy say so—Hamlet, you know; Hamlet. But, in truth, an 'attendant term' would be a tough morsel for Minerva herself. There was something else you wished to ask me."

"Only about paying off the mortgage. Must I write a cheque for the money?"

"You will have to write a cheque in the first instance, undoubtedly; but your proper course will be to lodge the amount with Miss Langtrey's solicitor, and depute him to settle the matter."

"My aunt wishes to pay Mr. Fawcett herself," said Winifred.

"Herself! How do you mean? Not personally—*argent comptant*?"

"Yes, just that—*argent comptant*," replied Winifred, laughing. "I believe she means to take that opportunity of giving Mr. Fawcett what she calls a 'piece of her mind.'"

Mr. Marrables looked aghast.

"A piece of her mind? Gracious heavens! My dear young lady, you must, at all costs, prevent your excellent aunt from doing anything of the kind. To give a lawyer a piece of one's mind is like shaving a tiger, or putting a pinch of salt on an alligator's tail. She would be sure to say something that was actionable. Besides, it is out of the regular course. These things are always done by the lawyers. You must positively persuade Miss Langtrey to give up that idea."

"I will try," said Winifred; "but I don't think it will be of much use. No, please, Mr. Marrables, don't turn down the lane. I would rather walk to the house."

They had reached the top of a lane completely overarched by trees, many of which were yet in russet leaf. A little way down this lane, a hobbled donkey was browsing by the roadside; and, farther on, a thatched roof peeped above a clump of evergreen bushes.

Mr. Marrables pulled up; held Rory tightly in hand while Miss Savage alighted; and gave down her basket.

"You are sure there is nothing else you wished to ask me?" he said, noting a wistful look in her face.

She hesitated.

"I—I suppose I can never get any money unless I go to the Bank for it—can I?" she asked.

"You need not go in person, of course. You will make out a cheque to self or bearer, and send your faithful Reuben to Singleton for the cash."

Still Miss Savage hesitated.

"Do you want any money now—immediately?" asked Mr. Marrables, a light suddenly breaking upon him. "My dearest young lady, why did you not tell me that at first?"

"If—if I had five pounds" said Winifred, colouring crimson.

"Five pounds? Why, I have a five pound note in my purse—or, stay, you would prefer gold. I wonder if I have five sovereigns?"

"I would rather have the note," she said, eagerly. "Oh, thank you, Mr. Marrables—how good you are! I am so glad to have the note. But how shall I repay you?"

"You shall write me a cheque the next time I come to The Grange," replied the little man, smiling.

"You must wonder why I want all this money?"

"No, no—'pon my honour, no!"

"It is for a present to—Mrs. Pennefeather's baby."

"If I had presumed to hazard a conjecture, Miss Winifred—which I did not," said Mr. Marrables, courteously, "I should have been sure that you designed it for some kind and helpful purpose. Will you charge yourself with my best compliments to Miss Langtrey? Good morning."

He lifted his hat, gave Rory his head, and was gone in a moment.

Miss Savage stood for a moment looking after the fast-vanishing chaise. She then folded up her five-pound note very small indeed, and hid it in her glove; turned down the lane; patted the donkey as she went by; and stopped at a little garden-gate leading to a small white house pleasantly embowered in trees, and almost smothered in ivy. The house was little better than a cottage, and the garden was a regular cottage-garden, closely stocked with fruits and vegetables, with only a homely flower-border at each side of the middle walk. Winifred opened the gate, and went slowly up this walk. There was no sound of life about the place; no sign of occupation, save a felt hat and a pair of shears in the porch. Not a dog barked; not a face appeared at any window. The door stood wide open, showing a little bare passage adorned with a row of pegs and a plentiful litter of hoops, garden-tools, walking-sticks, and umbrellas.

Seeing no small hats on the pegs, Miss Savage (familiar with the ways of the little house) concluded that the children were out. So she went straight to the end of the passage, and tapped upon a closed door; confident that she should find Mrs. Pennefeather at home.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MRS. PENNEFEATHER'S TROUBLES

"COME in," said a slightly peevish voice. "Oh dear me! why do you knock? Why don't you come in?"

"Because I did not like to disturb you," replied Winifred, peeping in.

It was a shabby little room, half dining-room, half schoolroom, with a much battered Davenport in one of the windows, at which sat a lady, writing. This lady looked round, put her pen down quickly, jumped up, and welcomed her guest with exclamations and kisses.

"Oh, my dear!" she said, "this is lovely of you! Disturb me, indeed! You have a genius for coming exactly when one most wants you."

"I am glad I came, if you wanted me," said Winifred. "What is the matter?"

"The matter? Oh, anything—everything. I am so worried!—The children? Oh yes, the children are all right. I've sent them to hunt up blackberries for a blackberry pudding. Blackberries are over, of course—but they don't know that, and it keeps them out of the way."

"And Mr. Pennefeather?"

"In the growlery, my dear, writing his sermons for Sunday. The Caldicotts are off again, as I dare say you have heard. Gone to Paris for a fortnight, which means a month; leaving poor Derwent, as usual, to do the drudgery. She is recommended to consult some great French physician—Rubbish! we know all about that. They'll be dining in the Palais Royal every day, and going to operas and theatres every night, and she'll come home with six new dresses and no end of chiffons, and declare she has been in bed at Meurice's all the time. Ah, I know them so well! Caldicott drops his clerical rôle, and she her invalid rôle, the moment they cross the Channel—white ties and Anglican waistcoats, megrims and attacks of faintness, all left at Dover to be called for on the way back."

"You are uncharitable this morning."

"One can't afford to be charitable, my dear, on a hundred and fifty pounds per annum," replied Mrs. Pennefeather, airily. "Poverty is demoralising. It makes one spiteful. Give me a thousand a year, and I'll undertake to cultivate all the virtues."

"Ah, you don't love poverty," said Winifred.

"Love poverty! I should think not, indeed! Who does?"

"I do."

Mrs. Pennefeather shrugged her shoulders.

"You and I are so different!" she said. "You have not five small children to feed and clothe. You are not aggravated by feeling within yourself an unlimited capacity for wealth. Now I am potentially a millionaire—and I haven't sixpence a year to do as I like with. Then it exasperates me to see those wretched Caldicotts perpetually going about and enjoying themselves, when poor Derwent has not had a month's holiday for the last four years. What—more flowers? more eggs? My dear, you spoil me! As for our hens, the abandoned wretches wouldn't lay an egg if we were all starving."

A crumpled-looking, delicate-featured little face, a complexion once exquisite, a pair of brilliant hazel eyes, a rapid utterance, a winning smile, an excited manner, a threadbare black gown faultlessly fitted to a faultless figure—this was Mrs. Pennefeather. Now Mrs. Pennefeather, wife of the Reverend Derwent Pennefeather and mother of five small Pennefeathers aforesaid, was the only friend of Winifred Savage's girlhood; and the Reverend Derwent Pennefeather was curate to the Reverend Valentine Caldicott, Vicar of Langtrey. Of the vicar—a florid, agreeable man, married to a Manchester heiress—it is enough to say that he divided his time pretty equally between travelling abroad and angling at home, leaving his church and parish almost entirely to his curate.

"But you have not told me your troubles," said Winifred, smiling. "Are your people unmanageable? Have you not yet poisoned the Lady Gwendoline, or succeeded in murdering the Duke?"

Mrs. Pennefeather shook her head.

"That is not what worries me," she replied, with a perfectly matter-of-fact air, as if slaughtering the aristocracy was her peculiar vocation. "I have murdered the Duke most satisfactorily—in an entirely new way, which I'm sure you'll be charmed with. No—it's about a ghost story."

"A ghost story?"

"I had a letter yesterday from the editor of *Gog and Magog*—such a nice letter—offering me five pounds for a ghost story for the Christmas Number. You may imagine how pleased I was! Well, I went into the fields after breakfast, and it all came into my head—a thrilling suicide and a delicious apparition. Just the very thing! And now Derwent won't let me write it!"

"Why not?"

"You may well ask! He doesn't approve of ghost stories—says it is a sacrilegious levity to write such things!"

"Then Mr. Pennefeather believes in ghosts?"

"He neither believes nor disbelieves. He says we know nothing about disembodied spirits under the present dispensation, and that one has at all events no business to tamper with such subjects. It is useless to argue with him. You have no idea how resolute Derwent can be when it comes to a question of conscience. But isn't it mortifying? Five pounds, my dear—five pounds deliberately thrown away, and Christmas coming, and the children wanting warm things for the winter. . . ."

Here Mrs. Pennefeather's voice broke into an involuntary sob.

"I declare," she said, "it's heartbreaking!"

Winifred's arms were instantly round her.

"No, no," she said; "disappointing—perplexing—not heart-breaking. Don't fret about it, dear; pray don't fret."

Mrs. Pennefeather laughed nervously, and brushed away a tear.

"This is too ridiculous," she said. "I who never break down . . . I am horribly ashamed."

"There must be a way out of the difficulty," mused Winifred.

"A very short and a very straight way. I shall write a civil note, regretting that my numerous literary engagements compel me to decline; and then I shall never again be invited to contribute to *Gog and Magog*."

"You must of course give up your delicious apparition."

"That is giving up the story. How can I write a ghost-story without a ghost?"

"You are not obliged to have the ghost of a human being."

"Eh?"

"Why not invent an inoffensive ghost—say the ghost of an animal?"

"The ghost of an animal!" echoed Mrs. Pennefeather, breathlessly. "Oh, Winifred, what a great idea!"

"Mr. Pennefeather would not object to that?"

"Of course not! The ghost of an animal—What animal? A dog!—yes, of course, a dog! A faithful bloodhound, who appears in order to identify his master's murderer!"

"Isn't that rather too—too obvious?"

"I daresay it is, dear," replied Mrs. Pennefeather, meekly.

"That's my fault,—you know—obviousness. All my ideas are just what anybody else's ideas would be. I'm not a bit original."

"That is not what I mean," said Winifred, quickly. "What do I know of originality—I who have never read any novels but yours and Scott's? No—I only thought that the story should be as uncanny as possible."

"Of course it should be uncanny."

"Unlike the generality of ghost stories."

"Ah, there's the rub! It is so hard to think of anything new."

"We can but try. Suppose we tried by contraries?"

"Contraries, my dear child! What do you mean?"

"Well, ghosts, you know, are always seen—in ghost-stories," said Winifred, hesitatingly. "Suppose you had a ghost that was felt. Ghosts always glide—have a ghost that springs. Fancy what it would be to feel a cat spring upon your shoulder—a ghostly cat—intangible—invisible—"

Mrs. Pennefeather clasped her hands ecstatically.

"Oh, you darling!" she exclaimed. "The children may well say there are no fairy tales like those you tell them! You ought to be an author!"

Winifred shook her head.

"I am an author?" she said, laughing. "Absurd! I could not put a story together to save my life. No—I am but a truffle-dog in your service—good for nothing but to grub up material which I don't know how to cook."

Saying which, she rose, put on her hat, and asked if she might not give baby "one kiss" before saying good-bye. So they went upstairs to a little carpetless nursery, where a fair, wide-eyed infant was lying quite quietly in his cot, all alone, and staring with placid contentment at the window.

"What a beauty he grows!" said Winifred, when this youngest Pennefeather had been duly smothered in embraces. "He looks like a little king."

"Bless him! He is my king!" ejaculated the fond mother, taking her boy out of his cot, and dandling him in her arms.

Winifred smiled.

"You would rather have him than all the Caldicotts' money," she said.

"What—my baby? Heavens and earth! as if I would not rather have my baby than all the wealth of all the Rothschilds! And he knows it—he knows his mother would sooner have him than bales of bank notes, and sacks of silver and gold, and mountains of Koh-i-Noors!"

And Mrs. Pennefeather, pouring forth a torrent of fond, foolish, maternal endearments, looked as radiant as if she had never sighed over an unpaid butcher's bill, or scribbled sensation stories at a penny a line.

A tender mother, a good wife, a careful housekeeper; as skilful with her needle as with her pen, and an adept in the art and mystery of cooking, Mrs. Pennefeather was the very reverse of that helpless, slatternly, unattractive phenomenon, the typical lady-novelist of the nineteenth century. She was her children's only governess, and she made their clothes and her own.

For all this, she wrote novels—novels which were neither brilliant nor profound; but which were unquestionably amusing, and by no means without cleverness. And she wrote these novels anyhow and anywhere, as she could find or make time; in the nursery, or the garden, or late at night when all the little household was in bed. Many a headache, many a headache, many a disappointment they cost her. Publishers held her cheap, because she always wanted ten pounds in advance. Critics were hard upon her; and she secretly watered many a page of the periodical press with her tears. Yet she wrote on, and even enjoyed some of the pleasures of authorship. She was as much interested in her puppets as if they had been better dressed and painted, and worked by strings less obvious; and the sorrows of her heroine helped her many a time to forget the butcher's bill in the background. Then, when by means of this small literary gift she succeeded in supplementing her husband's narrow stipend by no matter how modest a sum, she was happy, and deemed herself well paid. This does not mean that she was of a particularly contented disposition; but that she rated her talent at even less than its due.

"I am not witty, you know—I am only sharp. I have had no education to speak of. I know I am shallow; and I don't expect to be read by any but those who are as shallow as myself. Thank heaven! however, their name is legion. What would become of the circulating libraries, if the British public was not providentially blessed with an instinctive craving for rubbish?"

Such was Mrs. Pennefeather's estimate of her own abilities, and, due abatement made for exaggeration, she was probably not far wrong.

The baby having, meanwhile, been kissed to within an inch of his life, Mrs. Pennefeather put him back into his cot, and said suddenly:—

"Is it true, by the way, that Lancelot Brackenbury is going up to the House of Lords?"

"Who says so?"

MAY 8, 1880

THE GRAPHIC

How can I help that instinct? Why, dearest, I read yours years ago, as if it had been an open book; and knowing how you love him.

"Of course I love him—he is almost my brother," interrupted Winifred, struggling hard for composure.

"Almost—but luckily, not quite. Well, I do not ask for your confidence. Some day, perhaps, you will give it to me. Meanwhile I can only say that I am sorry to have vexed you—more sorry than I have words to say."

Winifred was silent. Not because she could not forgive, but because she did not know how to answer. Mrs. Pennefeather was her friend. She had known her intimately for some seven or eight years—that is to say, ever since Mr. Pennefeather first came to be curate at Langtry—and during all this time, she had been the confidante of Mrs. Pennefeather's troubles. When the children were ill, when critics were cruel, when publishers were stony-hearted, it was to Winifred that Mrs. Pennefeather was wont to turn for sympathy and counsel. And Winifred really loved her friend, and her friend's children; read Mrs. Pennefeather's manuscripts; was interested in her heroes and heroines; and even, as we have seen, contrived incidents for her at a pinch. These things were undoubtedly signs and tokens of a very strict intimacy; and yet, notwithstanding the strictness of that intimacy, Winifred was in no wise minded to regard her friend in the light of an *alter ego*. Mrs. Pennefeather (to use her own language, which savoured occasionally of her literary style) might "bare her inmost heart" to Winifred as unreservedly as she pleased; but it by no means followed that Winifred should bare her inmost heart to Mrs. Pennefeather. If she had a secret, it was such a secret as she had scarcely dared to confess even to herself—how then, should she confess it to another?

"Is it possible that you will not forgive me?" said Mrs. Pennefeather, looking very pale.

"That is not why I am silent. I do forgive you; but—"

She checked herself, for she heard voices below—men's voices in hearty greeting. Sound travelled clearly along those bare passages and carpetless stairs, and Winifred's ear had caught the ring of a familiar laugh.

"Oh, dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Pennefeather, "there are visitors down stairs. Somebody on parish business, no doubt; and Derwent has taken them into the dining-room where all my papers are lying about!"

"Lizzy! Lizzy," cried at this moment a clear, strong voice in the hall. "Are you upstairs? Mr. Brackenbury and Mr. Cochrane are here!"

Mrs. Pennefeather looked at Winifred.

"What shall I say?" she asked.

"Say nothing—except that you are coming."

"And you?"

"I am late, and must go home at once. You have only to shut the dining-room door when you go in, and no one will hear or see me pass."

Mrs. Pennefeather turned to leave the room.

"You are quite—quite sure that you forgive?" she faltered.

Winifred smiled, and held out her hand; but Mrs. Pennefeather flew into her arms and hugged her. And so they parted.

Then, as soon as she was alone, Winifred ran back to the cot; pinned her five-pound note to baby's pillow; imprinted a last kiss on his soft little cheek; listened for a moment on the landing; and, having made sure that the dining-room door was shut, stole breathlessly down the stairs, through the hall, and out of the house, like a culprit.

CHAPTER XXIV.

HIS LAST LETTERS

It was on the day following their visit to Langtry Grange that Lancelot and Cochrane took that long tramp over the moors. They started gaily enough in the freshness of the early morning; they came back tired and silent, as the chill November dusk was closing in. A well-lit room, a well-laid table, a blazing log fire welcomed them back to Old Court; and Lancelot, mindful of his duty as host, made an effort to talk. But it was visibly an effort; and, like all such efforts, fell short of the mark. His thoughts wandered; and when they presently adjourned to the studio, he fell into a gloomy silence.

Cochrane, meanwhile, smoked his cigarette; sipped his coffee; stared at the fire; and enjoyed that enviable state of well-being which our Oriental friends call "kef."

The falling in of a log, followed by a shower of sparks, roused Lancelot from his brown study.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I am horribly dull to-night; and I make it dull for you also."

"Not at all," replied Cochrane. "I am glad to be quiet."

"The fact is—I cannot get that old woman's words out of my head."

"I don't think they are words worth remembering," said Cochrane.

Lancelot shook his head.

"It is not that I am superstitious," he said, slowly. "It is not that I for one moment put faith in an old crone's dreams and fancies; but—"

"But what, then?"

"It is that she echoed my own conviction. I do not feel that my brother is dead. I have never felt it. I feel that he lives. . . ."

"My dear Brackenbury!"

"Yes—lives. Somewhere on another, on land or sea, he lives—lives at this moment. I tell you it is so. I know it."

He rose excitedly, and walked to the further end of the room. Then came back, and leaned against the chimney-piece.

"Now you understand why I was so reluctant to follow Marrables' advice," he said, lapsing into sullen gloom. "I am a usurper. I take his name and place; and some day, when he comes to ask me for an account of my stewardship, what shall I say to him?"

"But this is madness—sheer Midsummer madness!"

"It is not madness," said Lancelot, doggedly. "Men don't die by violence and leave no trace. If he had been murdered, I should have found his corpse. If there had been a struggle, I should have discovered signs of it. Do you suppose I left any stone unturned? Do you think the smallest clue could have escaped me unnoticed? Why, I left not an acre of those woods and hill-sides unexplored. I employed not only soldiers and police, but I sent out blood-hounds. If there had been so much as a shred of his clothes or a lock of his hair upon the bushes, they would have found it!"

"Then what do you think has become of him?" asked Cochrane, incredulously.

"I don't know what to think. It is a dreadful mystery," groaned Lancelot.

"It is not as if we were living in the days of English press-gangs or Barbary corsairs," said Cochrane.

"Italian banditti are as daring, and more clever."

Cochrane got up from his chair, and laid his hand on Lancelot's shoulder.

"My dear friend," he said gently, "what wild fancy have you in your head? Italian banditti follow one of two courses. They either rob a man for immediate booty, or seize his person for the purpose of exacting ransom. Who ever heard of a traveller being not only plundered, but carried into secret captivity, and kept alive for years, for no motive whatever? Your brother, my dear fellow—your unfortunate brother, was only too well worth robbing. It was not ransom they wanted in his case. I am assuming now that he was actually the victim of banditti."

"And that he was murdered?"

Cochrane looked down, assenting by a nod.

"Well, I say again, if he was murdered, he must have been buried, and if he was buried, I must have found his corpse."

"I don't see that," said Cochrane. "He was lost, as I understand it, near the coast. What was there to prevent his captors—forgive me for suggesting so painful a possibility—what was there to prevent his captors from putting out to sea under cover of the darkness, and drowning him if alive, or sinking his body if dead?"

Lancelot turned pale.

"I used sometimes to tell myself that he might have lost his way and fallen over the cliffs," he said, in a low, shuddering voice. "But I never thought of his being—drowned alive."

For a few moments they were both silent. Then Lancelot took a bunch of keys from his pocket, opened a large carved cabinet at the opposite side of the room, and came back with a packet of papers in his hand.

"These are his letters," he said, dropping into his chair. "Sit down, and I will read you the two last I ever received from him."

Cochrane sat down. The lamp was between them. The fire burned low and clear. The rest of the room was steeped in a warm gloom. He looked at the letters with a feeling approaching to awe. It was as though the hand of the lost man were stretched out to them from the world beyond the grave.

"I was up in Scotland, shooting, when he wrote them," continued Lancelot. "The first reached me a day or two before he left Genoa; the second followed me to Italy—after his disappearance. He finished it the very night before he started on that fatal journey. I will begin with the earliest."

He drew the lamp nearer, shaded his eyes with his hand, and read aloud—

No. I.

"Hotel Feder, Genoa.

"April 10, 18—

"MY DEAR LANCELOT,—

"I am glad to hear that Urquhart has asked you to Glenmore. It will be a pleasant change for you, after so many months at Old Court. The house, no doubt, will be well filled, and Urquhart's moors are, of course, first-rate. If the Craigmillars are there, please say all that is proper for me in the way of congratulation. He will be hugely pleased to hang out C.B. after his name; and the distinction, such as it is, has been well earned. But you know in what estimation I hold these button-hole honours.

"I am glad to say that I have heard of some jewels here in Genoa (the property of a decayed nobleman), which, I hope, will suit my purpose. I have not yet seen them; but am in communication with a certain lawyer who acts as intermediary in the matter. He says they consist of diamonds only, which I much prefer to mixed stones, and so, I believe, does Winifred. I am to see them in the course of a few days, and will let you know the result. It was quite by chance that I made inquiry here, for I was persuaded that Rome, and only Rome, was the place for jewels.

"I hope to leave Genoa about the 14th or 15th inst., but cannot say for certain while these negotiations are pending. Your best plan, if you write again before I get to Florence, will be to address Poste Restante, La Spezia, where I shall stay one night.

"Your affectionate brother,

"BRACKENBURY."

"That is the first," said Lancelot, re-folding the letter with a sigh. "Somewhat dry and matter-of-fact, like most of his letters. He could write pungently enough, when he chose; but he rarely took that trouble. Here is the second—and last."

No. II.

"Hotel Feder, Genoa,

"April 16th, 18—

"MY DEAR LANCELOT,—

"I write late at night, after a long and busy day; so must tell my news briefly. In the first place, I have not only seen the jewels, but bought them; and I have had a man here all the evening taking them out of their old-fashioned setting—so bringing them into more convenient compass for travelling. I intend to have them re-set by Castellani, after some good Roman or Etruscan model. The stones are very good. Three of the largest are rose-cut; but the rest are all brilliants, and of excellent water. It is, I believe, almost impossible to find a set of old Italian diamonds without some admixture of rose-cut stones. I have paid a great price—more by far than I had intended; but I console myself by reflecting that I have given no more for the jewels than the market value of the stones; and that diamonds are, in fact, an investment. These would at any time fetch at least as much as I have paid for them. My notion, however, is of course to treat them as an heirloom.

"The bargaining scene would have amused you. I fought a lawyer and a banker single-handed, and came off victorious; paying precisely the sum I at first offered, which was fourteen thousand less than they asked. We haggled over it finely, as you may suppose.

"I am anxious now to get on to Rome with my spoils. To-morrow morning I am to see a travelling carriage; and shall, if possible, start in the afternoon.

"I was very glad to receive your letter of the 8th inst. from Glenmore, and to learn that you are having what our American brethren call 'a good time.' We must see what can be done to make Old Court more comfortable for you when I return. You cannot go on without stable accommodation of some sort; and another room or two, in which to put up a friend, would be a vast improvement. I have a plan in my head for doing this without in any way damaging the picturesque effect of the ruins.

"God bless you.

"Your affectionate brother,

"BRACKENBURY."

"P.S. April 17.—The above was written yesterday. I found I must have slept at a wretched little mountain inn if I had started this afternoon, whereas by going to-morrow morning, I shall reach La Spezia the same night. So I have decided for to-morrow.

"By the way, if anything was to happen to me before my marriage, I should like Winifred to have the diamonds. Don't suppose from this that I am in the least unwell. I never was better. But life is uncertain at the best of times; and having no means of making a proper codicil on the subject, I just mention this wish by way of precaution."

Lancelot's voice dropped as he read the postscript.

"His mind misgave him when he wrote those last lines," said he.

"I don't know that I should take that view of it," replied Cochrane. "A thoughtful, practical man, like the writer of those letters, would naturally look to possibilities. He had made an important investment, and he was on the eve of a journey; just the occasions on which people fall to thinking of their wills. Besides, he was bent on doing a risky thing—and he knew it was risky."

"It was the act of a madman! Fancy a belt full of diamonds; and not only diamonds, but money, letters of credit, notes!"

"Was no one suspected?"

"Suspected—yes. A dozen innocent persons were more or less suspected; but not one upon whom there rested any permanent shadow of guilt."

"And you are absolutely without the slightest clue?"

"Absolutely."

"You have never traced any of the diamonds?"

"Never. They were upset, you know; and even the man who valued them and took them to pieces, though he weighed and counted them at the time, could not remember the exact particulars. They made a sort of catalogue of them that last evening, it seems; but it is supposed that Cuthbert put the list, with the stones, into his travelling belt."

Cochrane took up the envelope, and looked at the post-mark.

"Four years and seven months ago!" he said, mournfully. "My dear fellow, it is hopeless. If your brother was yet alive—no matter how closely imprisoned or how keenly watched—do you suppose he would not have found some means to let you know of his existence? Why torment yourself with visionary hopes and fears? Have you not suffered suspense and sorrow enough?"

"It is not a question of will, or even of reason," said Lancelot, impatiently. "I have a deep-seated conviction—here. How can I help that? What can I do?"

"Do? Well, take your brother's place, I should say, and fill it worthily. Teach yourself to think of him as dead. Set your face to the future, and cease looking back towards the past. Accept the inevitable. That is the best advice I can offer you."

"Thanks, old fellow. You could give none more manly or more sensible."

Lancelot put out his hand, and the friends exchanged a hearty grip. This ended their conversation. Lancelot folded up the letters and returned them to the cabinet; and presently, although it was yet early, Cochrane pleaded fatigue, and said good night.

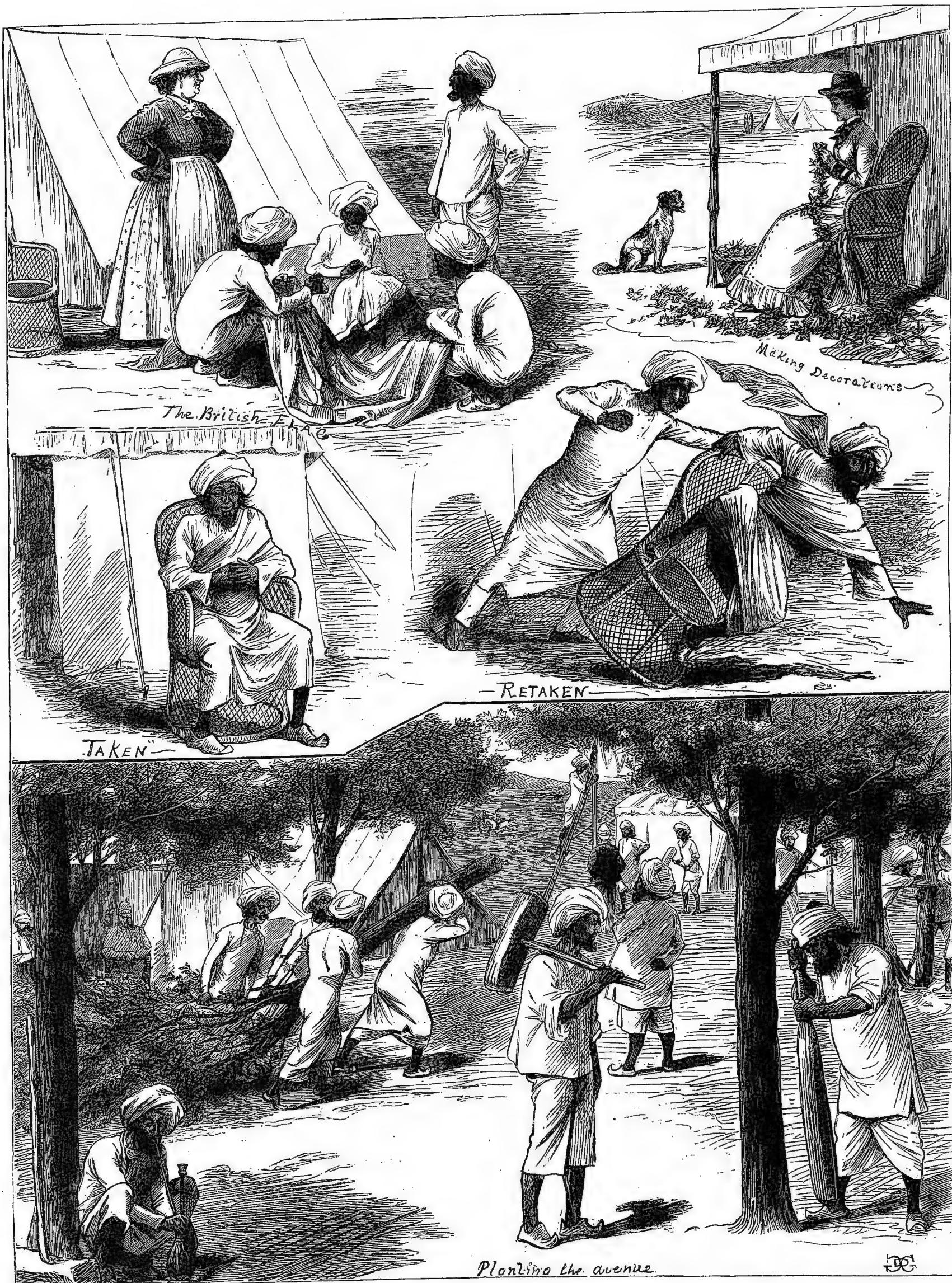
(To be continued)

SIBERIA IN A NEW LIGHT.—After all that one has heard respecting the savage severity with which political and other offenders are treated in Russia, especially those who are banished to Siberia, it is not less astonishing than gratifying to discover that it is all a mistake, and that really the Siberian exile, even when doomed to "work in the mines," is really more comfortably circumstanced and better cared for than the compulsory inmate of our Newgate, or even the as yet untried *suspects* temporarily lodged at the Clerkenwell House of Detention. The cheering information is supplied in a long account of Siberian Prisons forwarded to *The Times* by a gentleman, presumably an Englishman, who has been at the pains to make a personal inspection of all the gaols in this notorious limbo land. At Kara, where two thousand convict miners were hitherto supposed to be fretting away their miserable lives, half-starved, overworked, and frequently flogged, the witness in question found that the subterranean excavators were at worst but "half-timers," in consequence of the mines being pretty well exhausted of auriferous yield, their supplementary employment being "to go into the fields and forests to cut hay and wood." We likewise learn—and only that the statement is several times repeated, it probably would have been regarded as a misprint—that "when working in the mines each man is allowed daily four pounds of bread, a pound of meat, a quarter of a pound of buckwheat, and monthly a quarter of a brick of tea." It is not stated what the weight of a Russian "tea brick" is, but the liberal rations of bread and meat should bespeak it at least as heavy as the common brick of clay, which is about seven pounds. "When they are not working the prisoners are allowed daily three pounds of bread, a pound of meat, and one twelfth of a pound of buckwheat; which was almost the same allowance as we found in other non-working prisons." The convict miner is supplied annually with a felt coat that costs twelve shillings, and his summer shoes, "costing three shillings," are renewed at intervals of twenty-two days. Gloves, too, are provided for workers in the mines. There is a "school home" at Kara for the children of exiles, and *The Times* correspondent "saw the children, and found them nicely cared for and instructed." After this and much more to the same purpose in the amazing communication one is not surprised to read "altogether Siberian prisons remind me of an easy-going gaol I once visited in Guernsey, where the prisoners seemed to lounge about by day and sleep by night, and in which, as I was told, some of the old gaol-birds from time to time came from outside, lay before the door, and asked to be taken in."

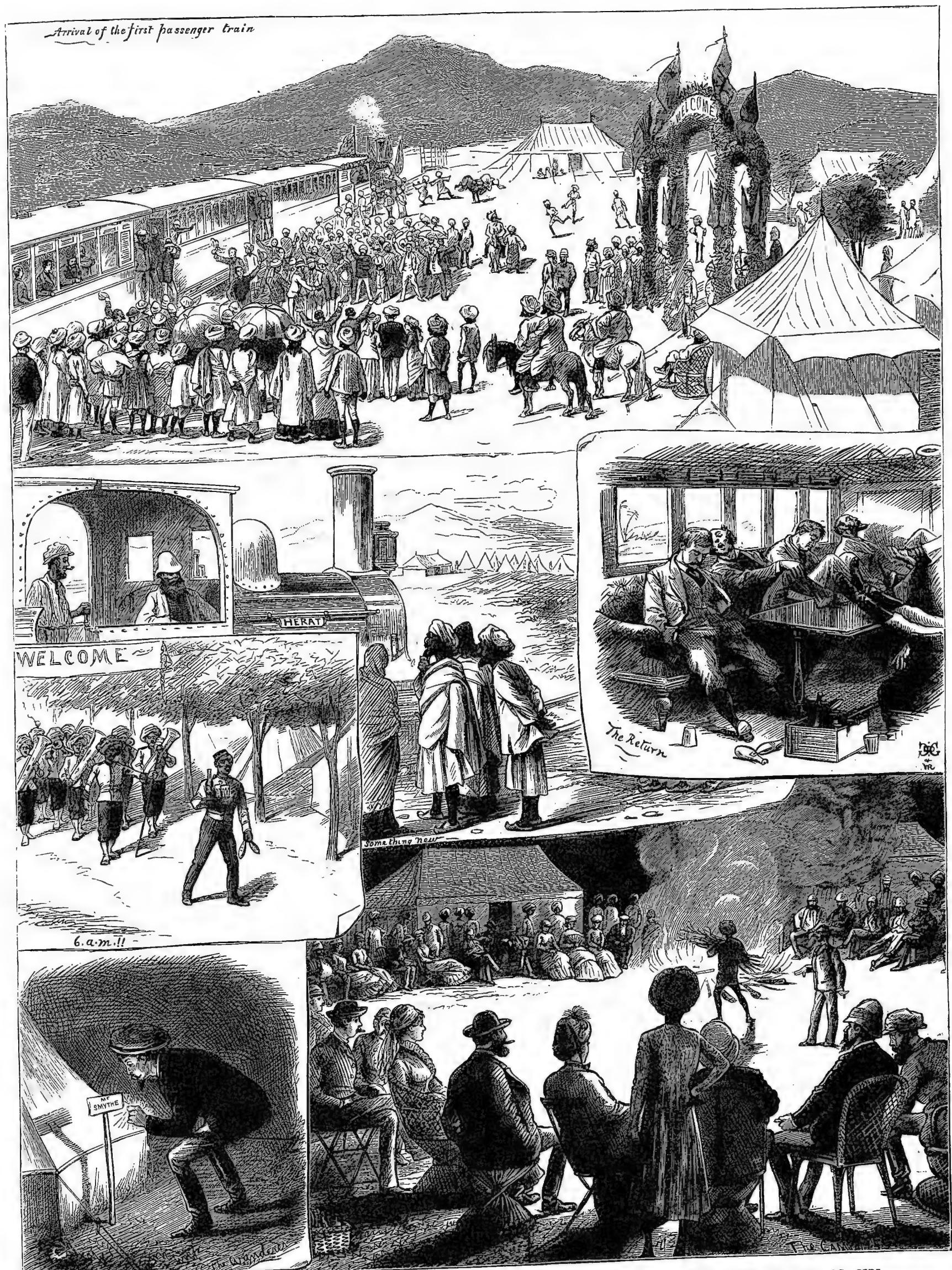
STRONG MEN.—It may be claimed for English market porters that they reckon amongst their number some of the strongest men in the world. There are giants who ply at the dead meat market, and who can walk away with two hind-quarters of beef on their shoulders, and others at Covent Garden who can stand sturdily under a burden of a quarter of a ton. But perhaps the strongest of all are the porters of Billingsgate. It is a marvellous sight to watch them relieving of its freight a lighter laden with the commoner sorts of shell-fish such as mussels and winkles, and bringing them ashore. The men are not remarkable for height, but they are "bull-necked," as it is termed, and their shoulders are as broad and flat as a small square of planking, while the calves of their legs are curiosities of muscular development. It is likewise a characteristic of the fish-market Hercules that he is commonly afflicted with a slight obliquity of vision, this peculiarity being, it is said, attributable to the crushing weights it is his lot to carry on his "knot," which of itself would be a load for a weak man. It is probable, however, that his remarkable way of taking up a load may have something to do with his optical derangement. See a load may have something to do with his optical derangement. See him engaged in "shoring" winkles, for example. They are contained in short sacks, made of a sort of matting, and weigh each from two to four hundredweight, and are stowed in the barge in a heap. The gangway from the barge to the Quay is an ordinary ladder, long or short, according to the state of the tide, and again from the quay to the market above there is a steep incline, crossed at distances of about twelve inches with strong battens to enable the men to obtain firm foothold. First, however, the Billingsgate porter has to get his load on to his back. It is not raised for him. He drops on one knee before the pebbly three hundredweight, and as it were makes obeisance to it until the crown of his head is level with the sole of his one firmly-planted foot, while his mates, with their grappling-hooks, haul the reeking mass on to the nape of his neck and his shoulders, apparently pinning him down hopelessly. But with no visible strain the man straightens his bent knee, and so levers himself as it were, to the perpendicular, and makes nimble for the landing-ladder, up which he climbs, hand over hand, with an amount of spring and jauntiness that plainly indicate he is not fully freighted even now, and that an additional half-hundred-weight or so would not much distress him.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The Angler's Diary, 1880. Field Office.
The United States of Europe: J. B. Killen, M.A., LL.D. J. A. Brook and Co.
Appleton's Dictionary of New York and Vicinity. Trübner.
Midland Steam Boiler Inspection and Assurance Company. Records of Boiler Explosions in 1879: E. B. Martin, Chief Engineer.
Bristol Past and Present, an Illustrated History of Bristol and its Neighbourhood: J. F. Nicholls, F.S.A., and John Taylor (Part I). Griffith and Farran.
Greenhouse Favours (Part X.). Groombridge and Son.
English Catalogue of Books for 1879; Brazil, the Amazon, and the Coast: H. H. Smith. S. Low and Co.
A Fireside King (3 vols.): Georgiana M. Stisted; Memoirs of a Cynic (3 vols.): Ed. by William Gilbert. Tinsley Bros.
The Care of the Insane: John Charles Bucknill, M.D.; Cowper (English Men of Letters): Goldwin Smith; Vida—Study of a Girl (2 vols.): Amy Dunsmuir; Louisiana, and That Lass o' Lowrie's: Frances H. Burnett. Macmillan.
Legends Sanctorum: Bishop Grandison, Ed. by H. E. Reynolds, M.A.
Elliot Stock.
Foreign Office List, 1880; Colonial Office List, 1880. Harrisons.
Practical Boat Building for Amateurs: Adrian Neisen, C.E. Bazaar Office.
Reata, What's in a Name? (3 vols.): E. D. Gerard. W. Blackwood and Sons.
Poor Zeph, and other Tales (3 vols.): F. W. Robinson; Poet and Peer (3 vols.): Hamilton Aide. Hurst and Blackett.



CONSTRUCTION OF THE CANDAHAR RAILWAY — CELEBRATING THE COMPLETION OF THE LINE AS FAR AS SIBI



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THE ROYAL ACADEMY

I.

The present Exhibition of the Royal Academy certainly does not rise above the accustomed level, nor does it fall far below it. The impression of its inferiority which seems to prevail probably arises from the absence of any work of a striking or sensational character. It is true that the pictures of some of the best known painters are disappointing, and that among them there are one or two conspicuous failures, but, on the other hand, very many of the works by younger men who have not yet acquired widely-spread fame have artistic merits of a high order. There are as usual very few pictures of an imaginative or poetical order, and fewer still in which the human figure in its highest form of physical development is adequately portrayed. One work, however, displays the most learned draughtsmanship as well as a cultivated sense of abstract beauty. We allude to Mr. Poynter's classical composition, "A Visit to Esculapius," which, as an example of pure design, would not suffer by comparison with any contemporary Continental work of the kind. The Exhibition contains no picture that can strictly be called historical, but scenes of a dramatic kind, episodes of history, and illustrations of fiction, are more numerous than usual. Except those by Mr. Orchardson and Sir John Gilbert, the best of them are by artists holding no Academic rank. Those by Mr. Seymour Lucas, Mr. J. D. Watson, and Mr. A. Gow, to which we shall refer later, are remarkable as well for their fine pictorial qualities as for the dramatic power of realisation which they display. All the most able landscape and marine painters are represented, and some of them, including Mr. Colin Hunter and Mr. J. Brett, show a marked advance on their previous work, while Mr. Keeley Halswell sends two landscapes displaying exceptional capacity in a branch of Art with which his name has not hitherto been associated. It is generally understood that the Academy has determined to admit no foreign works except those by artists permanently residing in England; the rule, however, if it exists, has not been rigidly adhered to, and there are pictures by Bastien Lepage, Carl Schlesser, G. Chierici, and the celebrated Hungarian painter Munkacsy, which add greatly to the attractiveness of the collection. That many incompetent works are to be seen on the walls cannot be denied, but is satisfactory to find that there are not very many which appeal exclusively to uncultivated tastes; pictures which aim only at manifesting feeble sentimentality or trivial prettiness seem to be less numerous than in any recent Exhibition here.

A tendency is observable on the part of many artists to work on a larger scale than the nature of the subject demands. An instance of this is to be seen in the picture by Mr. P. R. Morris, A.R.A., "The Sons of the Brave" (20), which occupies the central place in the first gallery. The boys who, in full uniform, are marching out of the Royal Military Asylum at Chelsea, with a very youthful corporal at their head, are portrayed in a very spirited manner, and as well as their widowed mothers and friends, who are grouped on either side, are skilfully diversified in character. The subject is one which, in feebler hands, might easily degenerate into morbid sentiment; but Mr. Morris has treated it in a sympathetic, but, at the same time, manly and unaffected way. The colour is rich in tone and skilfully arranged, and the picture throughout is painted with a breadth of touch appropriate to its large size. It would, however, be quite as effective and agreeable on a very much smaller canvas. On either side of this is a life-sized female figure, by Mr. P. H. Calderon, R.A. There is unquestionable beauty in the head of the girl bearing grapes, in that called "The Vine" (25), and a certain stately grace in her movements; but "The Olive" (16), which consists of a young girl seated in graceful attitude on a wall overlooking a luxuriant olive plantation, seems to us a better work. The drapery which clothes her lithe figure, composed of varied and delicately-harmonised green tints, is admirably designed, and her head, glowing with vitality, is distinguished by the peculiar beauty, robust and at the same time refined, often to be seen in the peasants of the Mediterranean shores. Mr. Calderon's large composition, "Captives of His Bow and Spear" (211), cannot be accounted one of his most successful works; for though there is much beauty in the group of captive Greek girls, the pose of the Persian potentate to whom they are supplicating is somewhat affected and theatrical, and the picture as a whole is not impressive.

The especial merits of Mr. G. D. Leslie's style are not so apparent in his principal work, "All that Glitters is not Gold" (131), as its prevailing weakness. The two girls standing by an old-fashioned porch have a pleasing air of simplicity and unsophisticated grace, but the spruce pedlar who, in an affected manner, is holding up a globe of fish for their inspection, is utterly unreal; the trim lawn, too, and the formal trees have a toy-like appearance, and the colour throughout is weak and vapid. A smaller picture by this artist, "Linnie" (326), representing a young lady fully equipped for fishing, walking on a river bank, is more satisfactory, fuller in tone, and in better keeping. The figure is gracefully designed, and the crumbling old bridge, which forms the background, is painted with considerable imitative skill. Both pictures are undoubtedly refined in style, but it is a refinement that verges on inanity. The works of Mr. G. H. Boughton, A.R.A., are always acceptable for their truth to Nature and their fresh and unconventional treatment. These qualities are best exemplified in his large picture, "Our Village" (338). Nothing could well be more natural than the group of three ladies, in the quaint costume of sixty years ago, the youngest of whom is offering a lump of sugar to the horse of the village doctor, who has stopped to gossip with them. The long vista of the winding village street is painted with realistic truth, and with a fine sense of the picturesque beauty that lies in its varied accidents of light and colour. A pleasant air of repose pervades the picture, and its different elements are in perfect keeping. Very original in treatment and true in characterisation is this artist's "Music Lesson" (1059), in which an old gentleman is seen teaching his grandson to play the clarinet in a garden overlooking the sea. The scheme of colour, however, here seems rather artificial, and the picture, as a whole, does not impress us with a sense of reality. Mr. Boughton's third and smallest picture, "Evangeline," is inferior to the others. There is certain grace in the figure of the Puritan maiden who is bearing flagons of ale to the reapers; but it is over-refined, and the picture is pervaded by a sickly green tinge, which is neither beautiful nor true.

The large picture of Mr. W. Q. Orchardson, representing "Napoleon on board the *Bellerophon*" (262), though not faultless, is entitled to high commendation. Much diversity of opinion exists as to the historical accuracy of the representation, and it seems pretty certain that Napoleon was shorter and less dignified in appearance than he is here depicted. The figure, however, is characteristic, the attitude well chosen, and the face expressive; but the best part of the picture is the group in the background, including Generals Montholon and Bertrand, Colonel Planat, and the civilians Las Cases and Maingant, who stand watching the fallen hero with various emotions. These figures are most skilfully grouped, and the heads, all of which are portraits derived from authentic sources, show the greatest diversity of character and expression. Apart from all this, the work is remarkable for its fine technical qualities, its

accurate design, its subdued harmony of colour, and masterly handling. No picture is likely to be so generally popular as Mr. T. Faed's large "From Hand to Mouth" (316), and though in more than one particular it is open to criticism, there is much in it to justify a considerable amount of enthusiasm. It is a scene of humble Scottish life, showing the embarrassment of an old and very poor itinerant musician, who finds that he has not quite money enough to pay for the slender supper he has purchased. There is pathos of a genuine and unexaggerated kind in the picture. The distressed expression of the man's face, and the earnestness with which he feels in his pocket in the desperate hope of finding an additional coin, are strikingly true to nature; the plethoric dealer, who leans across his counter with a suspicious and defiant air, is also an excellent study of character, but the other figures, including a lady who regards the old man with moderate sympathy, a black boy with a dog, a little girl overwhelmed with fatigue, and a boy carrying a monkey, though they aid in giving completeness to the scene, are not quite so good. The picture is painted with a firm and facile touch, and in colour and keeping, as well as dramatic expressiveness, is infinitely superior to any of the painter's recent works. Mr. F. Goodall sends a large picture, "Moving to Fresh Pastures" (224), identical in subject and treatment with a drawing now on view at the Water Colour Institute, and some smaller scenes of Eastern life, comprising "Time of the Overflow, Egypt" (334), in which a tall and stately Egyptian woman is seen wading through the water with her child on her shoulder, and a small "Egyptian Pastoral" (402), all apparently true in character, and painted in large and simple style. By Mr. J. Pettie there is a very large portrait group of three figures, "Mrs. Dominic Gregg and her Children" (122), full of movement, but scarcely solid enough in execution for its size; a very small picture, by the same artist, of a knight arming by torchlight in his tent, called "Before the Battle"; and a single figure, "His Grace" (249), a gentleman splendidly arrayed in a white satin dress of the time of Charles I., are excellent in colour, and are painted with facile force and firmness.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY

FOR the fourth time Sir Coutts Lindsay has succeeded in bringing together a varied and very interesting collection of pictures by living painters. In general character it greatly resembles the exhibitions of former years, and is in fact mainly composed of works by the artists who contributed most to their success. Numerous pictures of real artistic value are to be found on the walls, and among them are one or two examples of the most serious and cultivated art that this country can produce. The archaic school, which owes its origin to the immature work of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, is again largely represented; and, as on former occasions, we find rather a considerable number of feeble and purposeless efforts, apparently by amateurs, whose performances are to be met with in no other gallery. The largest work in the collection, and in some ways the most important, is "The Song of Miriam," by Mr. W. B. Richmond. The picture is yet unfinished, but what it lacks in completeness is amply compensated for by its nobility of style, its beauty of composition, and admirable draughtsmanship. Miriam and her handmaids singing, and gracefully moving to the sound of solemn music, form the central group; stalwart Israelites bearing on their shoulders the bandaged body of Joseph are seen on one side, and on the other is Moses, followed by a vast concourse climbing up the acclivity from the Red Sea. The picture has in an eminent degree the qualities in which English Art is most deficient; the figures are drawn in a way that bears evidence of the severest training and the most intimate knowledge of the human form. The large upright picture by Mr. E. Burne Jones, "The Golden Stairs," seems to us more harmonious in composition, larger in style, and more complete than any of his former works. The sixteen maidens, clad in long white robes, who are slowly descending a circular staircase, are extremely well designed, and display a fine feeling for abstract perfection of form and natural grace of movement, and their heads, though all of the same type, have beauty of an ideal kind, and an exquisite serenity of expression. The picture, moreover, is very delicate and harmonious in colour, and, with the exception of a slight disproportion between the figures and the architectural features of the composition, is in excellent keeping. By Mr. G. F. Watts there is a group of pictures, some of them, and especially the life-sized figure of "Daphne," in his best style, but they are already familiar to the public. The three well-designed and delicately-tinted single figures by Mr. Albert Moore, "Jasmin," "Topaz," and "Rose Leaves," are repetitions, with very slight variations, of pictures that have been exhibited before.

Mr. J. D. Linton's large "Victorious" is a stately scene of mediæval splendour, representing the reception, by a European potentate, of a victorious general, who stands with his Moslem prisoner behind him, and the trophies of war at his feet. The figures, which are very numerous, are admirably grouped, and their heads show the utmost diversity of character and expression. The colour, besides being rich and harmonious, is well arranged with a view to the general pictorial effect, and the execution shows that the artist has obtained as complete a mastery over the technical difficulties of oil as of water-colour painting. Of the three very small pictures by Mr. Alma-Tadema, one is especially charming. In "A Question," as the picture is called, a young fisherman, stretched at full length on a bench of white marble, is making love to a graceful girl seated beside him. The textures of the draperies and the varied surface of the marble, illuminated only by a warm glow of reflected light, are painted with extraordinary imitative skill, and are full of the most delicate modulations of colour. We have seen nothing by the painter purer in design than this little picture, or more luminous in tone. The other two works by Mr. Tadema, "A Garden God" and "A Pastoral," are chiefly remarkable for the marvellous manipulative skill which they display. A pleasant scene of rustic life by Mr. P. R. Morris, A.R.A., "The Bridge of Sighs," is broadly painted and pure in tone; but his second picture, "Cradled in his Calling," seems to us more harmonious in composition and truer in effect. The fishermen, who are carrying a young child suspended in a net across a hay-field overlooking the sea, besides being in perfect keeping with the landscape, are very true in character, and admirably grouped. Mr. J. Parker's "Field Pea Gathering" is a stronger and better work than the picture in the Water-colour Gallery, of which it is a replica. In his large "Flood in the Fens," Mr. R. W. Macbeth seems to have aimed at realism rather than beauty. The materials of the scene are rather oddly arranged, and it is painted in an impetuous and rather defiant way; but the peasants are full of genuine uncultured rustic character, and the scene is very animated. A smaller picture of this artist, "Expectation," representing a young lady sitting under a tree, is restrained in style, and very gracefully treated.

Besides the large picture already mentioned, Mr. W. B. Richmond sends several portraits, including a half-length of "Lord Lyttelton" and a "Head of Mr. Holman Hunt," full of individuality, and painted with realistic force. But his best work of this class is the fine half-length of the great naturalist, "Charles Darwin," in the crimson robes of a Doctor of Laws. This is an admirable example of manly portraiture, large in style, and dignified, and showing the most penetrating perception of individual character. In many ways it reminds us of the work of Tintoretto—in its breadth of colour, its grand simplicity of treatment, and even its executive method. Near this is a capital portrait of "W. H. Wills, Esq., M.P.," by Mr. E. J. Gregory, strikingly life-like, and painted with masterly and well-restrained power. We have seen nothing of the kind by the artist so good.

By Mr. Hubert Herkomer there is an excellent half-length of "Lord Stratford de Redcliffe," displaying the keenest insight into character, and carefully executed throughout; but, being low in tone, it is rather overpowered by the realistic strength of Mr. F. Holl's portrait of "H. T. Bushby, Esq.," which hangs near it. This is a work of remarkable power, but as there are several portraits of at least equal merit by the painter in the Academy, it may be passed without lengthened comment. M. Legros' unerring certainty of touch and power of rapidly seizing the salient characteristics of his sitters is shown in several portraits, each finished at a single sitting. The head of "Professor Marshall" strikes us as the best, but those of "Robert Browning," "Mr. Burne Jones," and "Prof. Huxley" are not much inferior to it. By Mr. Herkomer there is a rendering of the remarkable head of Mr. Odell the actor, and by Mr. Pellegrini, a sketchy head of "S. B. Bancroft, Esq.," full of character, but scarcely stopping short of caricature. The picture which more than all others combines the essential requisites of finished portraiture, is the half-length of "Mrs. Jopling," by Mr. Millais. Nothing could be more animated and life-like than the head, or more spontaneous and natural than the pose of the figure. Not only the head, but all the details of the richly embroidered costume are painted with an assured mastery that no living painter could excel.



WHATEVER the advent of a Liberal Ministry may prove to the country, it certainly is not an unmixed blessing to the Editor of the *Nineteenth Century*. It is true that the current number of this high-class magazine opens with a poem by the Poet Laureate, but besides this, which is, indeed, the *piece de resistance*, there is but one article by an ex-Cabinet Minister. Ambassadors and Privy Councillors are notable for their absence, and the name of Mr. Gladstone does not appear in the list of contributors. It would seem as if during such time as the present Ministry remain in power that Mr. Knowles would have to depend on the leading men of magazine-article writing fame, and be compelled to eliminate from his staff the names of those great men whom we number as pillars of the State. Mr. Tennyson's "De Profundis" will give much scope for criticism; it abounds in redundancy, and is scarcely conceived in the poet's happiest vein. The lines in the second stanza of the second canto are hard to understand, as well as hard to scan:—

And the pain
Of this divisible-indivisible world
Among the numerable-innumerable
Sun, sun, and sun through finite-infinite space
In finite-infinite time.

Ernest Renan's lecture on Marcus Aurelius, as delivered at the Royal Institution, will be much appreciated by those who were unable to hear the great man or to read the many excellent English versions which appeared in the London daily papers.—Lord Norton's essay on Penal Servitude touches on many obscure points connected with the punishment of our criminal classes, but it is a subject which will not interest many.—Mr. James Payn has a very readable article on "The Pinch of Poverty," the sentiments in which will be fully endorsed by all who have ever experienced a financial crisis.—We are glad to see that Miss Lonsdale's attack on the Nursing Crisis at Guy's Hospital has produced spirited rejoinders from various disputants; and, though that lady denies that doctors are judges of nursing, we are constrained to award the palm in the controversy to Sir W. Gull, Dr. Habershon, and Mr. Heniques.

The *Contemporary Review* fully maintains its high character for solid reading, and in it Dr. Moxon advances a carefully written but impartial defence of his cloth against the aspersions levelled by Miss Lonsdale in last month's *Nineteenth Century*. The question of nursing is an all-important one. There is room for much improvement in the education of this very necessary class of women, but we cannot think that hospitals should be converted into schools for nurses, or that the doctor should be set at nought in order that the nurse may acquire an insight into her profession. The lady appears to think that the nursing arrangements of our hospitals should be handed over to sisterhoods, the physician maintains that he should be supreme within its walls. We agree with the latter.—Mrs. Sutherland Orr's article on "International Novelists" shows a deep knowledge of her subject, and deserves to be widely read. The graceful tribute to American literature at the Royal Academy Dinner is a strong support to the views enumerated in this article.—Amongst other chapters in this magazine which are worthy of note is that on "Ideas of the Day," by M. A. Doudney, and the "Eleusinian Mysteries," by Monsieur Lenormant.

Scribner's Monthly undoubtedly takes the lead amongst most periodicals devoted to the lighter class of literature. The illustrations are marvellous specimens of Art, of a style which we in England make no attempt to approach.—The article on "The Growth of Wood-cut Printing" conveys many useful lessons to the average reader, and is embellished by sketches which add much to its value.—Mr. Eugene Schuyler, whose well-known work on "Turkestan" and whose contributions to the history of the Bulgarian atrocities made him famous in England, continues his able history of "Peter the Great." As this gentleman was for many years attached to the American Embassy in St. Petersburg, he possesses unusual facilities for the self-imposed task which he is carrying on so admirably in *Scribner*. Perhaps the most interesting paper in this journal is the history of the New York Seventh Regiment. The illustrations are simply beautiful, and the whole article conveys very clearly the true value of the Militia force of the United States. All English Volunteers and Militiamen should read this excellent sketch.—The life of Edgar Allan Poe is a valuable addition to the many admirable memoirs of this gifted poet.—The article on "Congress and International Copyright" is of extreme interest to English bookmakers, and should not be lightly passed over; in fact, the whole magazine is full of readable matter, and is a bright example of what a high-class periodical should be.

In *Fraser's* Mr. Bonamy Price gives us a very clearly written essay on Banking, and Miss A. P. Irby contributes a very laudatory review on Madame Novikoff's book, "Russia and England from 1876 to 1880." The following passage we commend to our readers:—"Russians have the opportunity of knowing England very thoroughly both from our freedom of the press, and also from the fact that almost every educated Russian can read English. It is extremely rare for an English person to possess the slightest knowledge of the Russian language. We in England consequently know very little of Russia," and Miss Irby very truly says that many of our views are derived from the "masses of misrepresentation which reach our press from the Jewish correspondents of foreign journals."—Dean Stanley's article on "The Variations of the Roman Church" is well worthy of perusal.

Macmillan contains two noteworthy pieces, besides several minor contributions of lesser value. Mr. Thursfield's article on "The Liberal Majority" is a most powerful attack on the late Government; he points out, and with much truth, that the London Press have utterly failed to grasp the real situation, and have not represented the voice of the country. The suggestion that *The Times* should have reliable special correspondents in the provincial towns is well worthy the consideration of the powers in Printing House Square.—Mr. Wemyss Reid contributes an able defence of that much

abused man "Our London Correspondent," and shows that he greatly appreciates the difficulties such a one has to contend against. "A Confidential Agent" is continued in *Belgravia*, and increases in interest. Mr. Grenville Murray contributes a laughable sketch entitled, "The Candidature of Mr. Dawlish," and the other articles are of more than average merit.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* is fully up to its usual standard, the continuation of "Queen Cophetua," by M. Francillon, promises undoubted success for the novel when it shall appear as whole.—"Fallen Out of the Ranks," by the "Member for the Chiltern Hundreds," is an admirable review of the present Parliamentary crisis. Conservatives would do well to lay the opening sentences to heart, for it is undoubtedly a fact that the first members of Parliament to be drummed out of the ranks were those who have shown the most marked hostility to Mr. Gladstone.—"Two Infant Phenomenons," by James Payn, draws attention to the poetry of two little American lasses, whose verses are full of sweetness.



THERE is a strange charm in tropical scenery. Kingsley felt it, introducing into "Westward Ho!" his friend Mansfield's descriptions, and never resting till he was able to write "At Last" as an eye-witness. This charm breathes through almost every page of Mr. Herbert H. Smith's "Brazil: the Amazons and the Coast" (Sampson Low and Co.), which appeared first in *Scribner*, and Mr. J. Wells Courtney's illustrations to which are one proof more of the excellence of American engraving. Mr. Smith is less of a specialist than Bates. He cares more for scenery and trade prospects than for birds and butterflies. Very characteristic is the way in which he combines the two, now gushing over the chlorophyll-green and other forest tints, now gauging the prospect for the American of a farm in the Amazon valley or a dry-goods store at Rio. We have heard more than enough of Brazil as an emigration field; and Mr. Smith is not encouraging. "If you've no money, keep away; and, if you have a few thousand dollars to spare on an experiment, remember brains and muscle are worth at least as much at home." There is too much strangling red-tape, too many officials (everywhere the curse of the Latin race), a too meddling Government, "a too stratified society." But Brazil is a splendid place for a visit. The dreamy life of the Indian settlements (marred only by the priests, who are a shade worse than in Russia and Bulgaria); the forests, the lakelets, the grand mountains every now and then, are all so unlike what one sees or hears of elsewhere. Mr. Smith's descriptions are vivid and enthusiastic, nor does the interest flag through all his 649 pages. It culminates in his account of the drought of two years ago, and of the good deeds of Dr. Gomes Pereira. His Indian myths are worth recording, especially those about the women from whom the river is named. We are sorry that the warlike Germans make a regular trade of forging United States' cutlery and other trade-marks, and that Mr. Smith recommends the Yankees to manufacture cheap bad prints, like the English, if the Brazilians prefer them.

If we had to be content with a single book, and the choice lay between Sir F. Head's old "Bubbles from the Brünnen" and Dr. Gutmann's "Watering Places and Mineral Springs of Germany, Austria, and Switzerland" (Sampson Low and Co.), we should unhesitatingly choose the former, and should (we think) get as much hygiene out of it as from the professional treatise. Those, however, who carry a little library with them when they go abroad, and who like to lose one of the chief charms of foreign travel by priming themselves beforehand with how everything goes on everywhere, should diligently study this "popular medical guide." We thoroughly believe in going abroad, and we believe in a good many of the German spas; and we bear willing testimony to the completeness of Dr. Gutmann's book. He even includes Rome in his list of sanatoriums, but only to warn visitors against it; just as he gives minute directions for iron baths, but honestly says that nobody now believes in the absorption of iron by the skin. Davos, he reminds us, should not be visited from March to June, while the snow is melting. Görbersdorf, in the Silesian mountains, he strongly recommends as a winter residence; but it is only 1,900 feet above the sea instead of 5,000. The appendix contains good comparative tables of constituents; and the book is full of wise advice, too much neglected by English and American patients. But what, we would humbly ask, is *halvum sibi* (page 298)? Is it, like *konx opax*, a password to mysteries?

The Rev. A. G. L'Estrange's two volumes on "The Village of Palaces; or, Chronicles of Chelsea" (Hurst and Blackett), are in Dr. Doran's better style, lively, i.e., but without straining after liveliness, giving in a very readable form the results of much reading and research. Chelsea is *Chesil ey*, the strand (? island) of Gravel; Mr. L'Estrange might have instanced the Chesil Bank at Portland, and probably Chiselhurst. Beginning with the days when Edward the Confessor granted it and Kynges-byrig (Knightsbridge) to his West Minster, our author describes Chelsea under Sir Thomas More; under Elizabeth, who as Princess got protection, and as Queen got rich birthday gifts from the Chelsea nobles; under James I., who began a Theological College near the Five Fields; under Charles I., who fed the swans while pleasuring at the Duke of Richmond's; and so on, to the days of Turner, who died in a cottage near Cremorne, and of Carlyle and Rossetti, who still live to give fame to the place. Very remarkable is the almost total disappearance of the palaces which suggested Mr. L'Estrange's title. Ormond House is gone, and Winchester House, and half-a-score more. Part of Sir R. Walpole's grand mansion is included in Chelsea College—built (we are told) not at Nell Gwynn's silly suggestion, but after a design long cherished by Evelyn. Part of Lady Strathmore's Stanley House forms the Principal's house in St. Mark's Training College. Lindsey House alone remains in anything like completeness. More remarkable still is the price of Chelsea china. A milk jug in Lord Lansdowne's set fetched last year five times its weight in gold, and a cup and saucer from 20/- to 30/- Irish patriots cannot grumble about Chelsea: Sir Hans Sloane was an Irishman; so was Salter (Don Saltero), his servant and rival; so was Doggett of the Coat and Badge.

In "The Science of Voice Production and Voice Preservation" (Chatto and Windus) Dr. Gordon Holmes, of the Municipal Throat and Ear Infirmary, has abridged his "treatise on vocal physiology and hygiene," leaving out theories and technicalities, and giving only what is useful for speakers and singers. A more thoroughly practical book we have seldom seen. The anatomy and physiology of the vocal organs are thoroughly discussed, though in a way which the ordinary reader can follow. Then come two chapters on hygiene; to the latter, on "General Hygiene in Relation to the Voice," we call the attention not only of singers, but of all speakers. The choice of food is a great element in success in speaking. Not a little of the wretched delivery of prayers and lessons and sermons is due to the custom of heavy Sunday dinners, hot or cold. As for after-dinner speeches, the marvel is they are as good as they are when men have done their best to destroy their flexibility of voice by eating all sorts of indigestible things. Singers must remember that, though exercise will often give two or three notes, unless there is perfect soundness and strength the organs will break down under the strain. It is given

to very very few to be Maras or Catalans. Moderate use is in itself hygienic; Cuvier thought a talking Professorship saved him from consumption. Scientific amateurs will be much interested in Dr. Holmes's account of Johannes Müller's experiments with the larynx, and how Manuel Garcia, a singing teacher, actually caught sight in 1854 of his own vocal bands in a dentist's mirror pushed into the back of his mouth, thus inventing the laryngoscope.

Mr. George Smith of Coalville is very anxious to bring gipsy-children and other young nomads under education, as well as to secure for them the care of the sanitary inspector. To those who know his work both among the poor slaves of our brickfields and also among the floating population of our barges, "Gipsy Life; an Account of Gipsies and Their Children; with Suggestions for Their Improvement" (Houghton and Co., Paternoster Row), will need no words of commendation from us. The title exactly describes the book, which is as unlike as can be to "Lavengro" and all the romantic sketches of gipsy life to which we are accustomed. Mr. Smith proves his case by a long series of hard, unpleasant facts, gathered by actually going about among the caravans, and in the gipsy colonies. He has no difficulty in showing that there exists in our midst a considerable population, counting gipsies, half-castes, and imitators of the life, wholly overlooked by the Legislature, living without any knowledge of God, grossly uneducated—not 5 per cent. being able to read or write—and cynically immoral. At the same time they are physically (he says) the most beautiful race in our islands, the half-caste men especially being often models of shapely vigour, and the half-caste girls (before they have been married by hard work and ill-use) with their delicate Grecian forms and dove-like eyes, being really lovely; while in Russia, we are told, they are lovelier still. Russia, too, claims the only gipsy who has excelled in anything whatsoever except prize-fighting. "When Catalani had just sung in a Moscow drawing-room before a splendid audience, a gipsy girl stepped forward and sang a gipsy song. The great songstress rushed up, embraced her, and flinging over her shoulders a costly cashmere shawl, said, 'The Pope gave that to me as the matchless singer; but you are much better than I.'" We hope everybody will read Mr. G. Smith's book. It is, like all his books, calm and conclusive; and we trust it will help his object—to put such pressure on Parliament as shall force it to do something for that strangely-neglected race of gipsy children. How such nomads can be schooled up to the requirements of the Code Mr. Smith shows in the admirably practical chapter with which he concludes. Let no one think that because he is practical he is dull. The story of Ryley Bosvil and his two wives is sensational enough to rouse the most jaded reader. Mr. Smith seems to have solved Sam Weller's problem about dead donkeys—the gipsies eat them and other carrion, as well as hedgehogs, and such small deer. Unhappily it is not in diet only that the realities of gipsy life are so sadly unlike what summer visitors have imagined. On the origin of the gipsies Mr. Smith agrees with all the best authorities; they are a Hindoo pariah tribe; in England nowadays their speech seems little but slang.

We suppose Mr. Darwin's prefatory notice will appear with the last of the three parts of Dr. Aug. Weissmann's "Studies in the Theory of Descent" (Sampson Low). These three are: 1. On the seasonal dimorphism of butterflies; 2. On the origin of the markings of caterpillars, &c.; 3. On the mechanical conception of Nature. The formidable nomenclature need not frighten any one who cares to investigate every fact that bears on the theory of evolution. By the first title (the other parts are not yet published) Dr. Weissmann simply means that in many butterflies which have two yearly broods, the winter and summer broods are quite differently marked. This difference may occasionally be produced artificially. Thus, if the *pupa* of a summer brood are hindered from opening till the second winter several of the resulting butterflies show winter markings. As with men so with butterflies, heat seems to develop black; witness the *Polyommatus phleas* of which in Italy the summer brood is black, instead of coppery red as in Germany. So also the summer broods of different species of *Pieris* are everywhere rich in black; while, just as the Eskimo is dark skinned, the *Vanessa urticae* becomes black in high latitudes. Darwin, we remember, was disposed to attribute the markings of butterflies to sexual as opposed to natural selection, which latter can have nothing to do with what is clearly useless for the preservation of the species. Dr. Weissmann allows the principle of sexual selection, but supplements it with the action of climate. His translator, Mr. Raphael Meldola, of the London Entomological Society, gives experiments which confirm Darwin's view. The book is a rare instance of the marvellous patience and thoroughness of the German savant.



FAIR PROMISES are given by an Association just formed, and of which our daily contemporaries have reported the objects. By the establishment of abattoirs and cool storage chambers, meat and other perishable commodities are to be made imperishable, as far as all domestic purposes are concerned, and by the thirst of such method if is thought the consumer may get meat, fish, poultry, &c., at 1d. to 2d. per pound cheaper than when the old wasteful methods are employed, whilst the system will allow the farmer to send his stock direct to the abattoir, and save him 5/- per head on fat stock. These are fair promises, which we hope to see realised. As the cost of refrigerating a bullock of 800 lbs. is but 1d. per 25 lbs. (about 2s. 6d.), the processes are cheap, and we look for cool storage chambers for meat to be of the good things coming. Mr. Storer, M.P., Captain Fitzgerald, and Mr. Kains Jackson have presided over the meetings held on the subject, and the names of the Committee guarantee that the efforts being made will be earnest and practical.

HOW FAR ARE THE INTERESTS OF LANDLORDS AND TENANTS IDENTICAL? was the name of the paper read at the Farmers' Club on Monday last. The two new M.P.'s, Mr. Duckham and Mr. James Howard, and the ex-M.P.'s, Mr. Clare Sewell Read and Mr. Pickering Phipps, were present, so there was some difference of opinion expressed. The broad conclusions of the paper (by Mr. Crosskill, of Beverley) were that in many important points the interests were separate, and Mr. James Howard would impose part of the tenants' rates on the landlord. It seems to us the paper and the subsequent discussion missed the one vital point of the whole subject, which is that the land question as a whole can have but one interest for owners, occupiers, and workers. As a venture, all are interested in its success, and the outcome must be a good and remunerative one, or all are losers. But debatable point remains, which allows of fair discussion—this is the proportions or shares which the landlord as rent, the farmer for capital, skill, and time, and the labourer for his wage, should have. These may be considered as the domestic side of the question, and should be equitably settled by owner, farmer, and labourer amongst themselves.

AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION IN KENT.—Efforts are being made to establish a County Agricultural College, having some 500 acres of soil at its disposition and admitting three classes of students,

namely, resident working students, day students also assisting in the practical work of the farm, and finally unattached free students, a class principally designed for the sons of landlords or the heirs to estates. We wish the attempt may soon be successful. The rock ahead is the danger of attempting to cram agricultural students with exotic knowledge, such as Latin, French, Algebra, and a variety of unnecessary scientific attainments. Let Geology, Chemistry, and Botany be taught, but only so far as they bear upon agricultural interests.

THE HOP-GARDENS.—Prospects for this year's yield of hops are not good. The bine is exceedingly uneven and weakly. We hope things will rapidly improve in this respect, for another bad year for hops will mean very serious straits for not a few farmers of Kent and Worcester.

THE COUNTRY'S WHEAT SUPPLY.—Imports of wheat since harvest have been unprecedentedly large, 48,000,000 cwt. against 39,000,000, 45,000,000, and 30,000,000 cwt. in the preceding years. English wheat deliveries, however, have been so small that aggregate wheat supplies are as follows: 1879-80, 67,000,000, 1878-9, 71,000,000, 1877-8, 71,000,000, and 1876-7, 59,000,000 cwt.

IRELAND.—The agricultural prospects of Ireland are better than they have been for some years. The orchards are remarkably rich in blossom. The ground fruit is doing well. Oats have been well got in. Winter wheat is hardy and forward, a happy combination not frequently known. Great distress no longer prevails except in Donegal and on the western coast, and even in these poor and remote parts the crisis is expected to be over by Midsummer.

SYSTEMS OF FARMING.—Professor Buckman declares that the old "four-course" system is still the best he knows. If properly worked it benefits both landlords and tenants. Agriculture does not abhor a vacuum, and occasional fallow does good. But as to the four-course system making agriculture pay, the Professor thinks that the increased farming expenses, the increased cost of labour, increased taxes, and increased foreign competition, render that desirable end at present unattainable by any system.

THE DUBLIN SPRING SHOW.—This popular exhibition has hitherto varied in date, accordingly as Easter was early or late in the spring. It is now proposed by some to fix the date of the show for Mid-April. We approve the principle of the change, but would suggest the desirability of fixing the last week in April, which would prevent any possible clashing with Easter.

A HEAVY FLEECE.—A three-shear ram, belonging to Mr. Pears of Mere, a Lincolnshire farmer, was clipped the other day, and its fleece weighed no less than 31 lbs. Two other rams in the same flock clipped upwards of 24 lbs. each. Previously to this case we never had heard of a fleece weighing over 30 lbs.

SEVENOAKS.—We regret to learn that the corn market of this fine old town has ceased to be held owing to the general preference of local farmers and millers for doing business in London, or else travelling as far as the county town. The stock market is also losing ground, and although there are rumours of forced efforts to keep it up by setting apart a new and improved site, yet the general local tendency is probably too strong to be resisted.

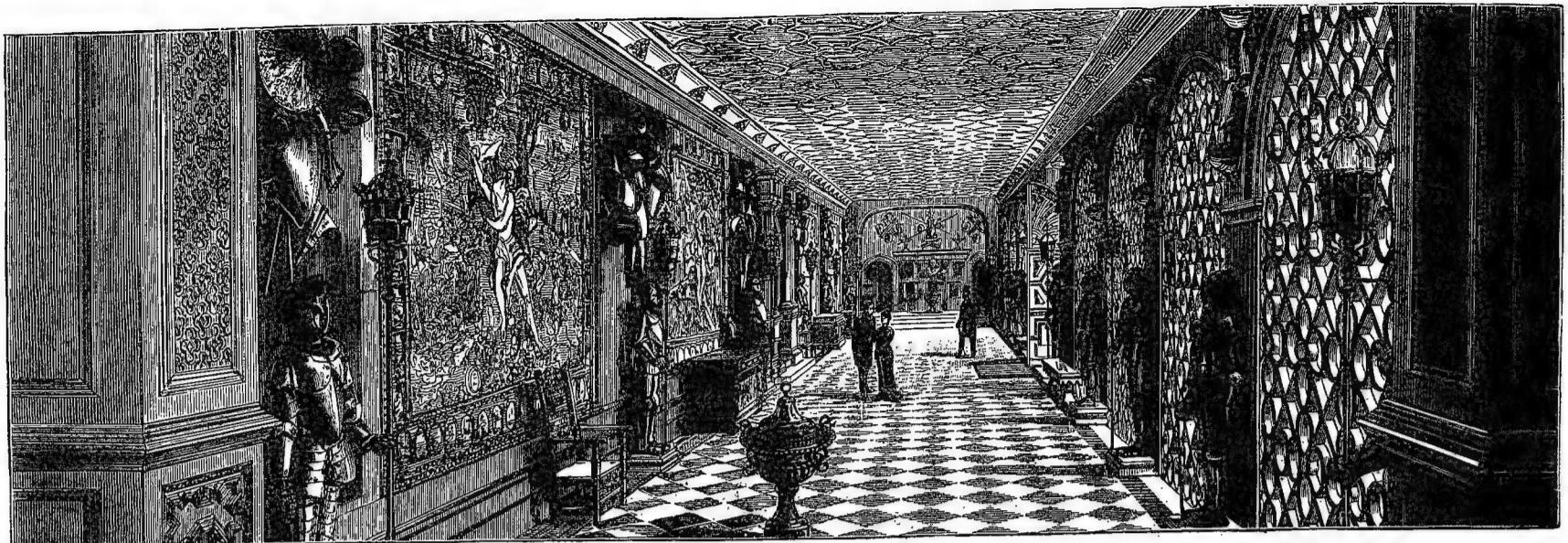
HAMPSHIRE FARMERS AND THEIR FRIENDS.—Mr. Slater-Booth, one of the members for Hampshire and late President of the Local Government Board, cautions his agricultural neighbours against the so-called "Farmer's Alliance" as a "party and political" association. Mr. Stratton, the well-known member of the Royal Agricultural Commission, gives similar advice.

CORN AVERAGES AND "TAIL" WHEAT.—A Dorset correspondent writes: "Among other reasons for changing the present system of taking the averages is that, in this part of the country at all events, a large proportion of poor corn never goes to market, but is given to labourers in part payment of wages. At five shillings the bushel labourers are generally willing to take tail corn for grain."

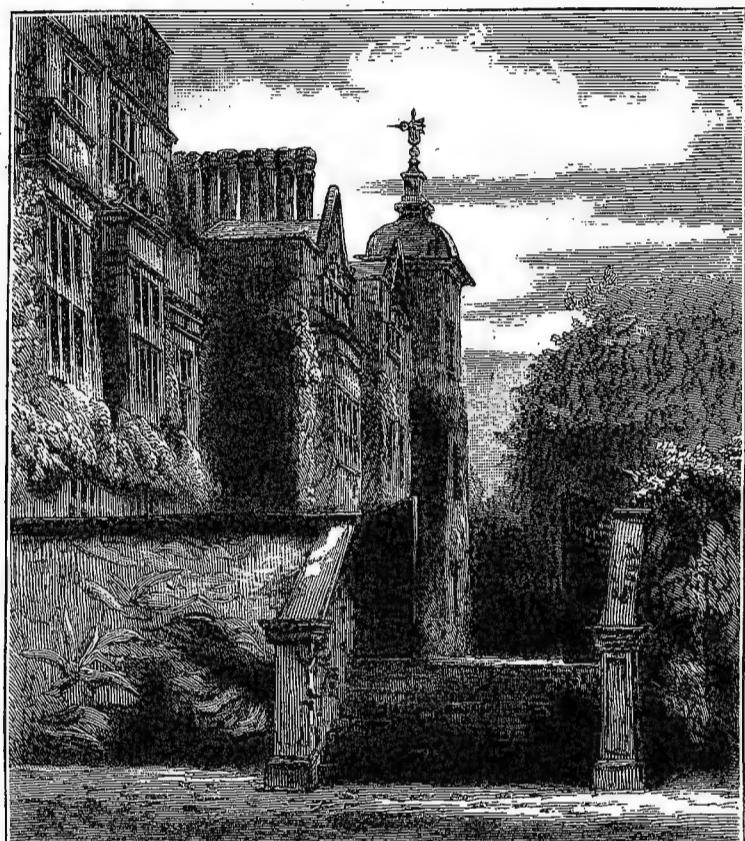
THE PRICE OF MEAT.—With mutton at 1s. per lb. in the wool in the country, London butchers must needs make good terms for their supplies. We noticed the "price this day," of rump steak, 1s. 2d. per lb., at the Army and Navy Meat Market, opened in Regent Street on Tuesday, and we suppose this new co-operative undertaking quoted prices as low as possible.

RAILWAY TRANSIT.—The charges made by the Companies for farmers' produce were discussed at the Central Chamber of Agriculture on Tuesday, when the Marquis of Huntly made his impeachment against the railways for favouritism towards foreign produce. The charge was made in the House of Lords last year, and should have been answered before now, if inexact.

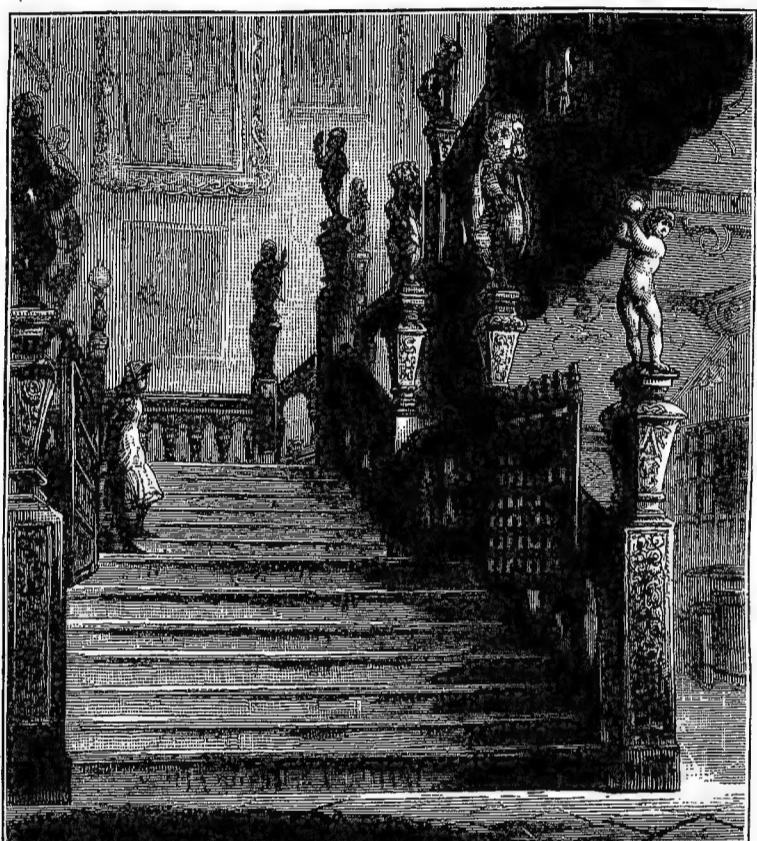
TWOPENCE FOR MAKING A SUIT OF CLOTHES.—It is a fact as painful as it is puzzling, that there are always to be found certain unfortunate folk, who appear to be doomed to perpetual poverty, and who are without the pale of those social influences which wholesomely regulate supply and demand. Trade may be quoted in the labour market as "brisk," or the reverse, stonemasons and carpenters may be on strike for tenpence an hour in place of nine-pence-halfpenny, or for nine hours as a day's work instead of ten; or the masters may be driven by universal depression to abate the mechanics' wages to the extent of a shilling or so, but whatever such fluctuations may indicate, they have no effect on the slough of Despond in which hundreds of poor slaves of the needle struggle for dear life, as drowning men catch at the proverbial straw. The introduction of the sewing-machine promised brighter times for even the humblest of the tailor's craft, but it would seem that we are as far off as ever from the fulfilment of the happy forecast. We have the reliable testimony of Lord Shaftesbury that in some parts of London at least such is the case. At the annual meeting of the Society for Promoting Female Welfare, lately held at the Albert Hall, under his lordship's presidency, and speaking of the Society's efforts to obtain better remuneration for needlewomen, Lord Shaftesbury gave some details concerning the miserable pay of slop-workers in Whitechapel, many of whom were glad to obtain three days' work a week, at the rate of sixpence a day. His lordship had questioned some of them and been told that for making a suit of boys' clothes—jacket, waistcoat, and trousers—they were paid twopence, and had to find their own needles and thread. Such a statement from a questionable source would be scouted as sensational fabrication, but Lord Shaftesbury is familiar with the ways and means of the poorest of the poor, and could not easily be misled or imposed on. Of course, the "suits" in question must be of the most rudimentary sort, otherwise it would be impossible to make up three of them even in the longest day, and so earn sixpence. But it is none the less terrible and humiliating to know that in these enlightened and generous times there are to be found within the City limits poor creatures whose lives are such an endless, hopeless hardship. And the worst of it is that such a deplorable state of things is absolutely unnecessary. Admitting that the slop clothes' seller and the rapacious "middle-man" will be satisfied with nothing less than his present profits, what parent, however poor, would object to pay an extra threepence for a child's suit if he could feel sure that that sum would go into the half-starved makers' pocket, increasing her present emolument of twopence to the not prodigious sum of fivepence?



THE ARMOURY



WEST FRONT

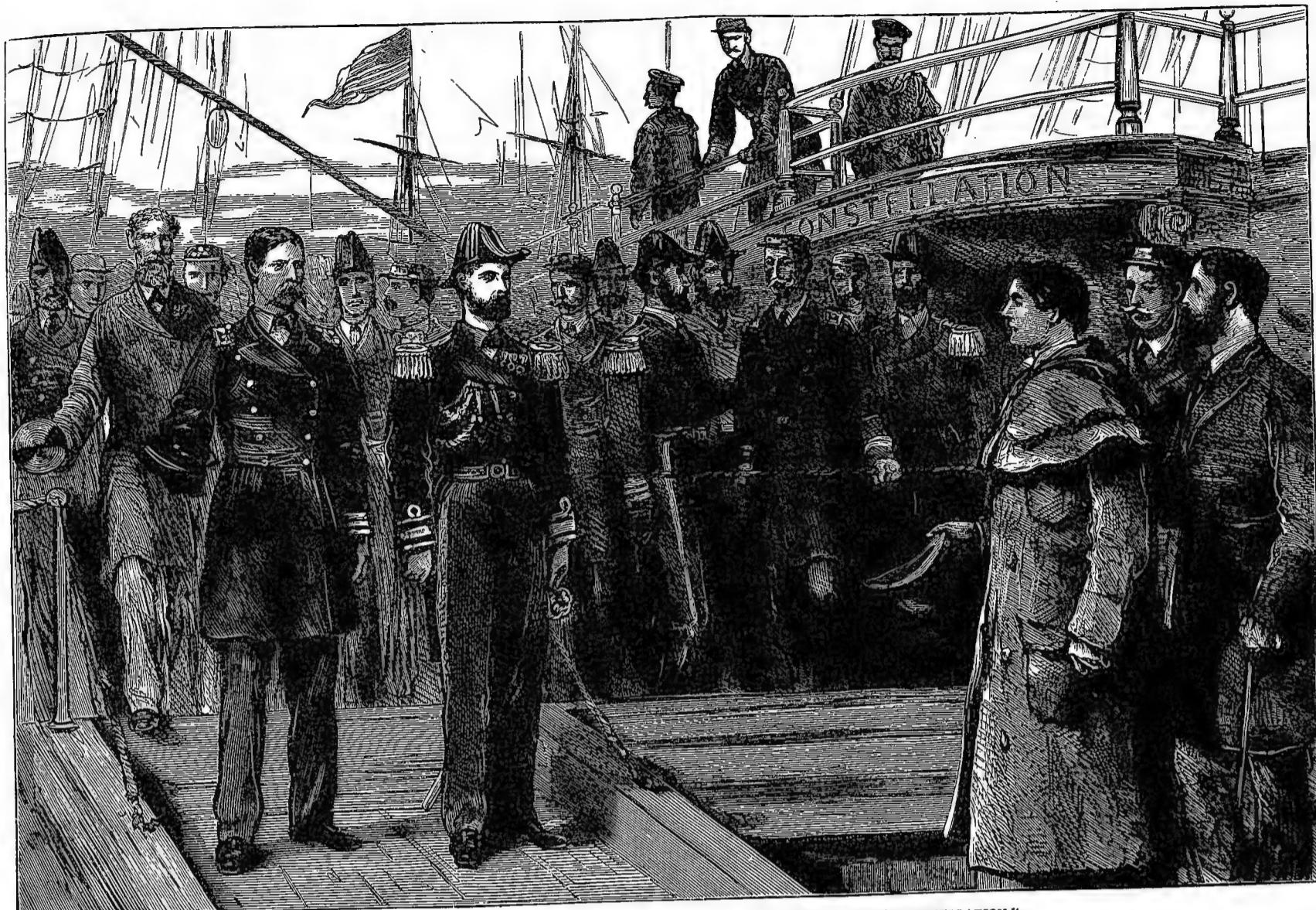


THE GRAND STAIRCASE



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IN THE DECK SALOON OF H.M.S. "LIVELY"—THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH MARKING OUT THE PLAN FOR THE NEXT DAY'S WORK
THE DISTRESS IN IRELAND—WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S RELIEF SQUADRON

that the scale must seem comic to every one except the culprits, who, moreover, are exposed to the contamination of their fellow prisoners while waiting for the attendance of the medical officer.

ZULUS AT LARGE.—Some of the Zulus who have been imported for exhibition at the Westminster Aquarium, last week went on strike because they thought that too much dancing was required of them. They left the building, and behaved in such a disorderly manner in the streets that the whole batch were arrested, and taken before the magistrate at Bow Street, who dismissed them with a suitable admonition. Next day they appeared again in Court, alleging that they were utterly destitute, and demanding to be sent back to Zululand, according to the terms of their agreement. It was, however, shown by Captain Williams, who had brought them over, that they had signed a paper before the chief of the police at Natal agreeing to stay twelve months in England. Mr. Partridge, therefore, held that they had no grievance, and that if they declined to

work they must go to the poor-house, but on being told what fare they would have there, they soon came to terms, and went back to the Aquarium.

THE LATE HOUSE OF COMMONS. at its Dissolution, differed by nearly a quarter of its members from its personnel at the time of assembling six years and one month before. Either by death, promotion, or other causes, 149 changes had been made, while during the same period 137 changes occurred in the House of Lords.

KEW GARDENS have been considerably improved ready for summer visitors. A new garden for the use of students has been laid out near the main entrance on Kew Green, a fresh staircase to the principal museum has been constructed, the Wood Museum has been re-arranged, and an undergrowth of fine aroids and ferns has been introduced into the palm house.

THE VERSAILLES FOUNTAINS play on Sunday for the first time this season. These waterworks cost the State nearly 2,400.

A JAPANESE NATIONAL PARLIAMENT is the latest innovation demanded in the Mikado's Empire, where within the last few months there has been gradually springing up a strong feeling in favour of popular representation. Indeed, according to one Japanese journal, at Trouwano, in the province of Idzoumo, the women have sold their dresses and jewels in order to send a deputation to Tokio in support of the scheme.

BRITISH MILITARY TITLES have in several cases been adopted by the Afghans, who have turned Adjutant into "Adjodan," and Major into "Medgir." Thus a Russian Colonel, travelling through Afghan-Turkestan, when introduced to a native potentate, found that his host could not understand his rank either by its Russian or Turkish name, but when told in English he at once exclaimed, "Ah, Kernel, Kernel; I know."

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HOUSES FAIR WITHOUT AND FOUL WITHIN. See No. 22 (for May 8).

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MAY 8, 1880

THE GRAPHIC

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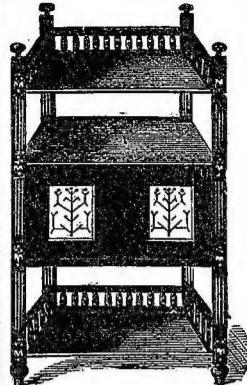
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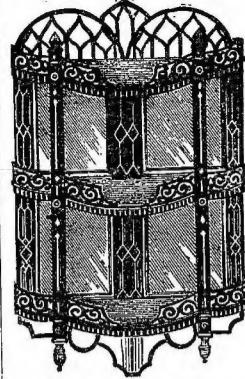


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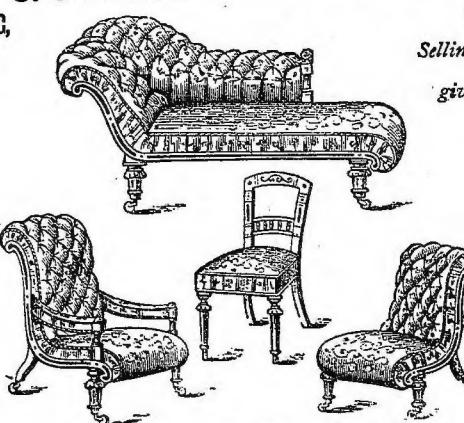
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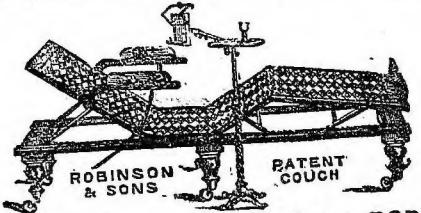
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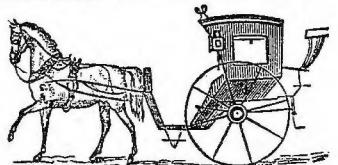
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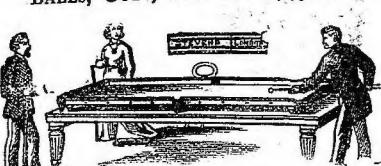
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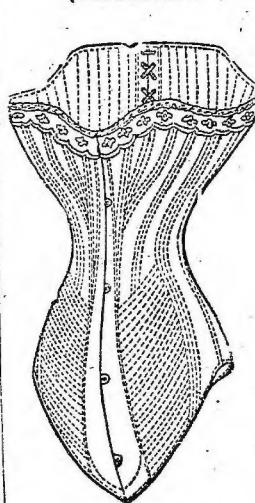
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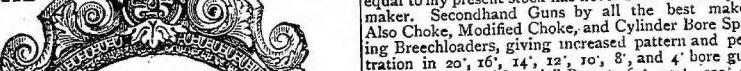
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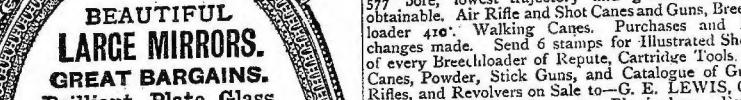
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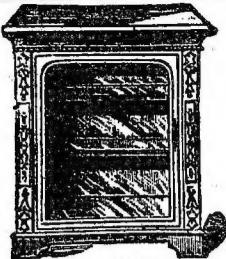
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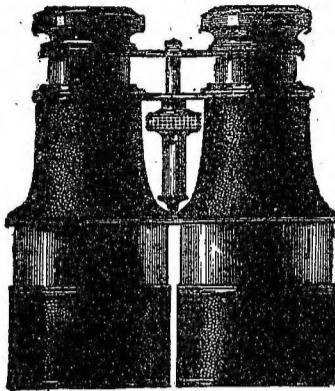
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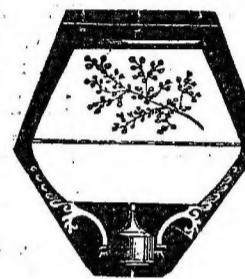
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